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## POLITICAL MORALITY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has been gaining no little applause by recommending to the youth of Britain to attend to their spiritual welfare. Such is the intellectual state of things now, that the simple detail of this doctrine,—with old instances, stale saws, and hacknied quotations,—was absolutely received as a mental treat. The same discourse delivered by a common-place preacher would have excited no curiosity, but a crowded audience hung on the lips of the Noble Lord. How is this? It is not only that the Briton loves a lord,—the common explanation. Allowing for popular curiosity,—the stupidity of many of the rising generation,—and the fact that the “woolly horse” has gone back to Barnum,—there still remains much to account for in the little statesman’s success. We are going to try and explain it—not from the consequence of the fact itself, but for the sake of what the fact suggests.

The truth appears to be, that there is a striking novelty in any professed politician’s meddling with the *spiritual* side of affairs. We invite the reader to ponder this. He who takes to politics, now, as his business, drops all notice of the higher impulses which move mankind. He has nothing to do with Christianity except in its relation to church-rates, or to an “appropriation clause.” He talks often of education, but his only business with it is with its practical aspect—not with it as a moral necessity, but as a convenient thing for the elevation of people; that is, their getting on, so as to be better workmen and to pay more taxes. He talks also of philanthropy, for he thinks that if you feed and wash mankind, they are less likely to rise and kick you out as an impostor. Politics indeed are become a thoroughly prosaic and material pursuit, uncheered, now-a-days, even by “eloquence,” which once connected it with the beautiful. So that a statesman actually recognising something in life beyond this every-day business, actually preaching “reforms” not directly connected with the holding a ten-pound house and voting for a Whig member—is a novelty which hundreds of people welcome as a change. For our own parts, we forget the meagreness of the execution in the respectability of the design. We cannot help being glad that Lord John is compelled by want of political importance, to fall back upon Christian doctrines.

How is it that our politicians are so thoroughly severed from our preachers, poets, and moralists? The fact is obvious. There is one class of morals for a politician, and another for a man. You may be base in St. Stephen’s, and yet be honourable in Grosvenor Street. You may treat Britannia shamefully, though you must be civil to your wife. You ruin an army by stupidity in Whitehall, and yet society still maintains that you are a “man of parts.” Nobody expects you to act on what you heard in church, when you are fairly planted on the treasury bench. This separation of political and private character is visible everywhere, and in our opinion is one of the most disastrous symptoms of the day. Every man who enters into public life, expects to enjoy privately an immunity from the consequences of his conduct. Let him betray his friends—beggars a colony—starve the navy,—what matter, if he is not “cut” at Brookers? Public opinion is a very distant affair, which frightens no more than thunder does. It is imposing enough, but how few the cases of persons being struck? Why, in these war failures, no politician feels his rest disturbed by them, as it would be disturbed had he banked with Sir John Paul. Not a bit of it. He lays the blame on destiny. He knows that it will blow over, and meanwhile he goes down to the Highlands, and shoots grouse. He is an irreproachable—though unsuccessful—statesman; and listens with complacency, at church, when priest and people are praying that he may be endued with “grace, wisdom, and understanding.”

In ancient and simpler times, matters were quite different. Away went a bungler’s lands—and off went his head. The very king—sacred as the idea of him was—was not safe if he could not govern. The smallest gentleman who held by knight-service, was not safe if he was not fit for his business. And here is the only justification which a man has for being proud of his ancestry. If they could hold their own in such times, they had unquestionably something in them. The tradition of all this lasted quite late in our history. The “Tower” was a frequent word in all stormy debates of last century; and in Russia, at present, the stern method is by no means disused, or they would not give us such trouble as they do. Nature, in fact, is all-powerful in the long-run, and though her laws may be violated for a time, she is sure to assert herself in due course.

The present age might be called—as regards politics—the age of mediocrity *par excellence*. We do not only mean that mediocrities abound, but that everything favours them: their impunity, their irresponsibility, the mechanical facilities they have at command; and most of all, the isolation from ordinary laws which politics enjoy. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that the task of a statesman is harder than it used to be. On the contrary, it is much easier. The same changes which have apparently increased his work, have brought him advantages along with it quite commensurate. For instance, the stability of England and its prosperity depend on the funds—on the harvests—on the general love of a whole skin and a full belly—on time and trade,—not on the genius of our statesmen. We do not look for genius in our statesmen, though we require it in our poets, our historians, and our engineers. Nay, have we statesmen who rank among their order, as Tennyson, or Landseer, or Stephenson rank in *theirs*? If we have not, it is chiefly because our political morality is low,—because we insist on some loftiness of sentiment in art and literature, and do not insist on it in political life. Lord John himself, within this twelvemonth, has exhibited a trickiness in politics, which in private life would have covered him with discredit. We could name men whose whole life has been a series of jobs—who deliberately took up politics as a trade because their estates were embarrassed, and have served in every ministry, on every “principle,” for the sake of the “swag.” But as their jobs only injure the country, nobody minds. It does not come home to society like cheating at cards. Taunt these personages, and they will answer that they are no worse than people out of politics; to which the obvious reply is, that at all events they are more dangerous by being in high places.

Open profligacy has never been in fashion in this country, unless for a brief period during Charles the Second’s reign. It will always be a question, however, whether even it is worse than profligacy, protected by cant. Now, one form which cant loves to assume, in this very matter, is that of affecting the belief that all the political profligacy is perpetrated by poor men. Lord John, we remember, congratulated the country that the Reform Bill had put an end to “political adventurers.” The object, of course, was to limit the



THE SQUARE OF THE BAZAAR, TIFLIS.—(FROM A DRAWING BY PRINCE GAGARIN.)



political class to the sons of millionaires—either aristocratic or not. Unfortunately we have had a new and worse breed, as one result. But independently of that, what is Lord John himself but a political adventurer, with very great advantages, equipped for "the road" by an opulent family? socially, a better—morally, no better—an adventurer? We must look to other reforms than those which can be put easily into a "bill" for the means of getting a better class of men into public life.

There is a general tendency in Europe at present to government by brute force. Now, there may be brute force very different from that by Cossacks or by lazzaroni, and yet equally deserving the appellation. Wherever mankind have governors without religiousness or sentiment, or loftiness of character, wherever a man can do as a statesman what he dare not do as a gentleman, and what he would detest as a Christian, trusting to luck for his success, and to the police for his ultimate safety—there you have a brute force government in a refined and disguised shape. Money is a brute force; and a society held together by it alone, would have only a mechanical, not a moral stability. For instance, the "strikes" of which we are beginning to hear once more, are the results of a state of life where men have no moral or spiritual tie between them, and nothing is recognised but the "rate of wages" between man and man. If we want to know what still remains of vital excellence in England, we shall find it in ideas and beliefs far more ancient and more simple than those who talk of our "enlightenment" believe—in domestic affections, in Christianity, in what is left of that mutual respect and dependence which bound together class and class. The priest, the schoolmaster, who feels his vocation to be that of a priest,—these are the men who must reform England; and England must learn to exact from its politicians the same kind of seriousness of character, the same responsibility to the idea of duty, which it exacts from professedly sacred personages. The abuse of the word "practical" is one of the greatest obstacles to just thinking in this country. People insist on practicality—and very properly; but they should insist on its being animated by something higher, likewise. Who ever worked better, more soundly, more exactly, than the mediæval artisan, who was religious almost to fanaticism? How much of the success which marks them both, do Scotchmen and Quakers owe, to a certain fidelity to their tasks which is part of the tradition (however obscured) of a religion penetrating into every fibre of the life of their respective bodies? But the common utilitarian fancies that nothing is practical but that which is also nothing else.

We are glad that Lord John Russell has set the example (by means however ordinary) of a recognition by politicians of those ideas which are as much—indeed, more—required in politics, than elsewhere. He tells the youth of England to seek their civilisation in loftier ideas than those in which they generally do. Let him apply the lesson where it is equally needed. Do not let him leave all this aspiration behind him in Exeter Hall. He is again cultivating literature—for which we sincerely wish him a prolonged leisure! He can do no better than meditate the following sentence from Bishop Berkeley—one of the purest spirits who ever adorned the Church of Christ. "Whatever the world thinks, he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human mind, and the *summa bonum*, may possibly make a thriving earth-worm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman."

#### TIFLIS, THE CAPITAL OF GEORGIA.

THE successful passage of the river Anakura by the troops under Omar Pacha, and the known intention of the Turkish General to march upon Kutais, has given rise to the supposition that the eventual destination of the army under his command is the city of Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. So confident, indeed, are some persons that this is the proposed order of campaign, that letters from Trebizond, dated the 15th of last month, state that it is fully expected Omar Pacha would be in Tiflis in about three weeks from that time. According to these accounts, a reconnaissance has been undertaken by order of the Turkish General, and it has been ascertained that in Tiflis the Russian force scarcely counted 10,000 men, the whole of these, moreover, consisting of Georgian militia.

It is supposed that the entire Russian army in Georgia does not amount to more than 50,000 regular troops. All above this number are Georgian militia, Circassians, and Kurds, of which the latter are not to be depended on, having neither principle nor character, and only serving the strongest party, or that which pays the best. The Russians in Georgia will have great difficulty in obtaining reinforcements, for the Sea of Azof is thoroughly well watched by our fleet, and the communication between the Crimea and the coast of Asia is cut off. On the Caspian the Circassians in summer, and the ice in winter, will be obstacles to intercourse. The Russians, therefore, may be considered to be nearly isolated in Georgia.

The city of Tiflis is situated on the precipitous banks of the river Kur, which here flows onward through a deep defile covered with immense forests. Like most Eastern towns, it can boast of a very ancient origin, and for upwards of thirteen centuries it has been the Georgian capital. Fortified by Shah Abbas, embellished by Tamar, Rostom, and David, ravaged by the Seljukides, the Turks, and the Persians, the aspect of Tiflis has been changed twenty times in the course of the innumerable vicissitudes it has undergone. It was the dominion of the Persians, however, which left the deepest trace behind it, in costumes, manners, and literature. The city was sacked in September, 1795, by the eunuch Aga Mahomet Khan, and seemed destined never to recover the shock, having been reduced to little better than a mere heap of ruins. Even the very atmosphere of the city became impregnated by the morbid exhalations emitted from the crooked lanes and heaps of fetid rubbish; and all kinds of fearful diseases, that decimated the affrighted inhabitants, were the result.

Since the Russians have been masters of the place they have done all in their power to raise the fallen fortunes of the city, which can now boast of a considerable number of solid, well-built, handsome edifices, among which may be reckoned two permanent bridges thrown across the Kur, a theatre, richly decorated in the Arabic style, several churches recently restored, and the new quarter of the town called Kurki, on the left bank of the river. The population, also, has increased to 50,000 inhabitants. But these improvements have caused the city to lose a great deal of its Asiatic aspect, and assume a proportionately European look. All the government buildings are impressed with that peculiar uniform and official stamp for which they are remarkable throughout the Czar's dominions. With regard, too, to many of the private houses, the roofs of these, but slightly inclined, are covered with tiles, because the use of iron plates, so prevalent in Russia, would be attended in summer with an insufferable degree of heat. The walls, built of brick, are whitewashed, and a gallery, affording a cool retreat from the scorching rays of the sun, runs round each story. Houses with terraces are becoming more and more rare every day; nevertheless, these terraces play an important part in the domestic life of the Georgians, who resort to them to enjoy the cool and refreshing breezes which evening spreads over the burning town. It is on these that the love-lorn youth seeks his mistress, and that the young women assemble to sing or dance to the sound of the tambourins. In a word, the terrace is to the Georgian what the *patio* and *mirador* are to the Spaniard.

The most interesting spot in all Tiflis is the bazaar. It is the forum in which the life and business of the town are concentrated; the heart of the city, into which all the lanes, which may be styled its arteries, run. The square of the Bazaar is situated in the lower part of the town, near the right bank of the Kur, and opposite the rock of Methikh and the citadel, which commands the whole business quarter. Three principal thorough-

fares abut upon this square. These are,—the Street of the Armenians, leading from the European city; the Street of Butchers, a continuation of the Street of Butts, leading to the Errivan gate; and, lastly, the great bridge, connecting ancient Tiflis with the Aolabar and German quarter. The Maidan is surrounded by rows of sombre, low shops, massive caravanserais, and a mosque faced with varnished bricks. Small and irregular in extent, the square is always filled with a compact and motley crowd, and boasts of an amount of noise and confusion, arising from a mixture of various races, of which neither Algiers nor Cairo can convey the slightest idea. The Georgian, covered with embroidery; the Imeritan, with his long hair and flat cap; the hardy mountaineer, with his coat of mail; the Greek, with his scarlet fez; the Persian, with his conical head dress; the Mufi, with his green turban; the Armenian priest, with his black robe and long beard; the native women, wrapped up in their immense drooping veils; the Cossacks of the Line; the Russian officers, with their formal costume, and the officials of the civil government who follow the European fashions—such are some of the thousand different and incoherent elements, which here form a glittering *ensemble* of life and local colouring.

The shops are completely open on the side looking towards the street, and resemble boxes with one side taken out. Every avocation is carried on in the most public manner, and you may perceive simultaneously, the armourer forging a sword-blade, the shoemaker adjusting the pointed spur, the tailor embroidering the ornamented pockets of the *khaba*, the tannery-keeper dipping the dark vine of Kakheti from out of large jars buried in the earth; and the fruit merchant displaying his chaplets of apples or chestnuts, or collecting into bundles the stalks of the vine. In the midst of the crowd of persons talking, vociferating, and gesticulating, you may see a droschki rapidly advance, a caravan of camels pass by, or a heavy Georgian cart, drawn by four buffaloes, with perhaps one of their fellows lying on it in a piteous condition with his four legs turned up in the air.

At sunset, this highly-coloured picture assumes fresh tints, the city being lighted up with innumerable paper lanterns, which glisten like so many stars. The glowing air is cooled by the breeze from the snowy peaks of the Kazbek. People of the wealthier classes make their appearance out of doors, and the terraces become crowded with shifting figures, while musicians and singers make the place resound with national airs. This is the most agreeable time of the day at Tiflis. No one who has enjoyed such sweet southern evenings can ever forget them!

A curious scene was presented on the occasion of the arrival of the Persian Ambassador at the Georgian capital, on the 9th of last month. The Persian residents welcomed him in a manner peculiar to their nation; they took up their station on the right side of the road leading into Tiflis, each with a sheep, which, as the carriage of the Ambassador drove past, was sacrificed slaughtered with a knife held in readiness. The object of this Embassy extraordinary is to congratulate the Russian Emperor on his accession to the throne, and it is freely talked of in St. Petersburg that the Shah himself and his Prime Minister have received very costly presents to induce them to despatch it. The Ambassador is stated to be a person of high consequence at the Persian Court, and his retinue is described as containing many persons of distinction. The Russians are sparing neither trouble nor expense to make the reception of them as brilliant as possible, as not to be behind that accorded to the Russian Envoy who brought the news of the Emperor's death. All connected with the Persian embassy enjoy very freely the pleasures that the Russians procure for them; they frequent the theatre, and take particular pleasure in the ballets produced there. Prince Beloutoff had given them a dinner and a ball, at the former of which the Ambassador had proposed the health of the "faithful and constant ally of the Emperor of Russia, his Highness the Shah," and afterwards that of "The Emperor of Russia, the friend and ally of the mighty ruler of Persia."

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

THE Emperor went on Saturday to Versailles with the Duke of Cambridge, and passed in review the cavalry of the garrison. His Majesty commanded the manoeuvres in person.

The "Patrie" combats the idea that the political passages of the Emperor's speech at the close of the French Exhibition, which we give in another column, threatened Germany. This journal says his Majesty rather seeks to awaken the attention of the German Courts and people to the threatening attitude of Russia.

The rumour of a treaty with Sweden has been current at the Bourse, and it is understood, notwithstanding reports to the contrary circulated by a Belgian journal, that the negotiations are really in a very advanced and satisfactory state.

#### SPAIN.

It is announced by the "Madrid Gazette" that the Carlists Cabecillas Marsal, Mas, and Pons were shot at Girona on the 8th.

An alarming outbreak had recently occurred at Saragossa, partly of a political and partly of a socialist tendency. Not only corn, but fuel had risen considerably, and the people's demands were, that the municipality should abolish the entrance duties upon those articles, and at the same time suspend the sale of the commercial forests, where day labourers generally go to cut wood. The popular discontent was cleverly turned into another channel by political agitators, and the exchange of the present Cabinet for one of a more democratic tendency was among the cries raised by the rioters. The latter were at first joined by part of the soldiers, and the ayuntamiento was forced to comply with their wishes, and lower the price of bread, meat, and firing. While addresses were being signed to demand a more democratic policy in the Central Government, orders arrived by telegraph from Marshal Espartero, directing the authorities and garrison to evacuate the town if the rebellion could not be got under, and to occupy the Aljaferia, while the Government would concentrate the forces of Lerida, Castellon, Ternel, Pampeluna, and other places. On seeing this determined attitude, the revolutionary party were awed, and tranquillity was restored. On the 10th, a despatch was read to the Cortes, announcing that General Gurres occupied the principal points of Saragossa; the national guards, who had taken part in the late disturbances, had been disarmed, the spirit of the other part of that force remained excellent. Saragossa was in fact tranquil. The authorities continued their duties, and no concession had been made to the rioters.

Brigadier-General Mariano Fernandez Montoya, who died at Corunna on the 16th ult., has left all the emoluments acquired by him since he was made a general to the State.

#### AUSTRIA.

THE Austrian Government is understood to have announced, in a note to Count Colloredo, ambassador to the Court of St. James's, its acceptance of the nomination of Sir H. Seymour to the post of English representative at Vienna; and to have expressed its regret at the departure of Lord Westmoreland. This question, which was not without difficulties, has been therefore arranged.

The publication in the "Vienna Gazette" of the concordat concluded between Austria and the Holy See, is accompanied by the following Imperial ordinance:—

"We, Francis Joseph, &c.—We have especially considered it as a sacred duty to bring the relations between the State and the Catholic Church into harmony with the law of God and the well understood interests of our Empire. It is for this object that, after consulting the bishops of these provinces, we issued for a considerable portion of our Empire the decrees of April 18 and April 23, 1850, which responded to so many of the pressing requirements of the religious order. To complete this work, rich in blessings, we put ourselves in communication with the Holy See, and on August 18, of the present year, we concluded a definite convention with the Head of the Church. In bringing this fact to the knowledge of our people, our Ministers and our Council of the Empire, we announce—1. We shall make the necessary arrangements for putting in harmony with the Article 8, the control of the Catholic instruction in the provinces where this agreement does not exist. Until then the existing arrangements will continue to be in force. 2. It is our will that the Episcopal tribunals in the matter of marriages be established and brought into action as promptly as possible in those provinces in which they do not at present exist. At those places the necessary modifications in the civil law of marriages will be published; the

present civil law remaining in vigour up to that time. 3. With regard to the rest, the stipulations concluded by us with the Holy See will come into force throughout our Empire from the day of the publication of the present decree."

A letter from Prussian Silesia states, that for some time past, communication with Warsaw and the other stations on the same line of railway, has been interrupted by the immense transports of sulphur sent from Austria by way of Cracow to Warsaw, which accumulate to such an extent that it is found impossible to forward them as quickly as they arrive. Ever since this Prussian frontier station has refused to forward contraband of war to Russia and Poland, the transports are conveyed only to Leipnick by the railroad, and thence forwarded to Cracow on wagons, by the old carriage road, whence they are again forwarded by the railroad through Czakowa to Granitz, which causes a complete temporary interruption in our regular traffic.

Within a month, considerably more than 100,000 cwt. of sulphur had been forwarded in this manner from Austria to Russian Poland, and every day about 600 cwt. of this article continue to arrive, packed partly in chests and partly in casks.

#### PRUSSIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pressure put upon the electors of Berlin by the King in his letter to the Communal Council of the capital, the Liberals returned three out of the five members chosen in the complementary elections on the 15th inst.

There is much talk in Berlin about the arrest of two valets-de-chambre of a General high in the confidence of the King. It is proved that these individuals have been in the habit of purloining all the important despatches and papers confided to the General, to communicate the contents to a foreign ambassador. In all likelihood, means will be taken to hush up this affair as much as possible, and it is not expected that any legal proceedings will be taken in the matter. The General alluded to is stated to be Lieutenant-General Gerlach.

#### RUSSIA.

On the 7th inst. the Emperor Alexander passed the Isthmus of Perekop. He arrived on the 8th at Simpheropol, and set out on the 9th for Bakshi-Seraï, where he passed the troops in review on the 10th. He afterwards visited the Northern forts of Sebastopol, and subsequently proceeded as far as the Mackenzie Heights. The excursion is said to have exercised a "happy influence" on the morale of the Russian army. On the 12th he left the Crimea, and went direct to St. Petersburg.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 9th, says:—"A few days since a package was sent off to Nicolaïeff containing a mantle embroidered in gold and silver by the hands of the Empress and her ladies for the holy image which the Bishop of Moscow delivered to the Emperor in the chapel of St. Serge. It is positively stated that his Majesty himself conveyed this picture to the army of the Crimea."

The Russian Minister of the Interior declared, on the 9th inst., at the Emperor's command, that St. Petersburg was no longer in the state of siege which had been decreed when the Allied forces entered the Gulf of Finland.

The militia of the governments of Smolensko, Moscow, and Toula, have been incorporated with the army of the south, and the commanders, who had been appointed provisionally, have been relieved from their functions.

A new ukase, dated the 23rd of October, orders that the instructions already issued to thirteen governments with reference to the entrance of poor nobility into the army should be extended to the whole empire. It is understood that the object of this ukase was to increase the supply of officers to the army.

A notification has been published that in consequence of the insufficiency of the harvests of this year, the Emperor, on the 18th of October, ordered the entire prohibition of export from the kingdom of Poland of all kinds of breadstuffs, with the exception of wheat, the exportation of which is still permitted at all the Custom-houses of Poland.

#### DENMARK.

A ROYAL decree was published on the 13th at Copenhagen, distinguishing the affairs which will be recognised as peculiarly appertaining to the Government of Schleswig, and announcing a revision of the constitution of that duchy, with a view to bring it into harmony with the new constitution for the whole monarchy.

The Government of Holland has determined to have itself represented at the conference which is about to take place at Copenhagen on the Sound dues, and has selected Count de Bylandt, resident Dutch Minister at the Court of Sweden, for the purpose.

#### SWEDEN.

GENERAL CANROBERT has been received with much ceremony by the King. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies conducted the General from his hotel in a carriage drawn by eight horses, and preceded by two runners; by the side of the carriage walked six footmen, and each horse was held by a groom in grand costume. This carriage was followed by another, drawn by four horses, in which were the General's aide-de-camp and the aide-de-camp of the King. In the hall of the castle General Canrobert was received by the First Marshal of the Palace, who accompanied him to the apartments of his Majesty. At the top of the staircase were posted twenty-four guards of honour; in the ball-room were twelve pages in livery at one of the doors, whilst the officers of the body guard were at another; in the lower part of the great gallery was the personal staff of the King. At the door of the bedchamber, where the audience took place, was posted his Majesty's body guard. When General Canrobert entered, the First Chamberlain conducted him to the King with the Grand Master of the Ceremonies. At the side of his Majesty were the Dukes of Ostrogothland and Dalecarlia, with the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. General Canrobert pronounced an address, and handed the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour to the King. When his Majesty had replied the doors were closed. At a quarter to three the General was conducted back to his hotel with the same ceremony. The streets were crowded with persons, who loudly expressed their sympathies by cries of "Vive Canrobert!" "Vive la France!" A grand dinner was given in the evening to the General by the King in the Queen's banquetting-room.

General Canrobert having had a second audience of the King, at which the French Minister was present, has left Stockholm. He intended spending some time at Copenhagen, and will not return to Paris till the end of the month.

#### SARDINIA.

THE King embarked at Genoa on the 20th inst., for Marseilles, with a brilliant military suite. The Duke of Grammont, the French Ambassador, accompanied him.

#### SICILY.

A LETTER from Naples, in the "Opinione" of Turin, of the 13th, says:—"I have just returned from a tour in Sicily, and can tell you that the state of that country is much more threatening than is generally believed. Few people know French there; fewer still understand English; and yet all the articles that have appeared in the French and English journals on the state of the island and the Neapolitan Government are secretly circulated among all classes of people, translated in some way or other. Even the caricatures of the 'Charivari' find their way there. Now, bands of brigands have made their appearance, and have had several skirmishes with the soldiers. I call them bands of brigands, because the Government calls them so; but they are all in uniform, and have excellent arms, of foreign make. There are between 25,000 and 30,000 men in Sicily, so that if the brigands do not increase, there is no danger of a general insurrection for the present. These brigands respect private property, but are inexorable in their exactions upon Government officials."

#### TURKEY.

CONSIDERABLE alarm prevailed from a collision having taken place on the 4th, between the soldiers of the Tunisian Contingent and the French military post established in the building of the University, now converted into an hospital. After a scuffle, in which several of their comrades were roughly handled by the French, the Tunisians marched in a body to the hospital, endeavouring on their way to excite the Turkish population against the French, and, having drawn up, fired a general volley, killing three men and wounding several others. The French returned the fire, and six of the assailants were killed and a number of others wounded. The Ottoman troops in the meantime interfered, and the Tunisians were



brought back to their quarters, where they were confined. The Seraskier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs immediately repaired to the spot at the head of an imposing force, to restore order and ascertain the cause of that aggression. On his side, General Larchey sent thither a detachment of sixty men stationed at Pera, and gave orders to the troops encamped at Maslak to hold themselves in readiness to march. Fortunately, there was no necessity to recur to that extreme measure, and all was over when the General arrived at the University. At the request of the French Ambassador a strict inquiry into the affair was instituted, and the Tunisian Contingent, whose deplorable fanaticism had already occasioned various affrays, was to be embarked for Asia.

#### AUSTRALIA.

The *Oliver Lang*, of the "Black Ball" line, sailed from Melbourne for Liverpool, August 23rd, and the *White Star*, belonging to the "White Star" line, for Liverpool, August 31st. The gold on board the former was about one million sterling; the latter had above 150 passengers, 80,000 ounces of gold, valued about £320,000, 1,000 bales of wool, and 70 tons of copper from South Australia. The quantity of gold being produced is decidedly increasing, not only at the older fields, but also at those more recently discovered; and not merely is the gold produce increasing in amount, but the prospects in regard to this article are almost daily improving, not only by an extension of the area of those fields with which we have been long familiar, but by the successful working of others lately opened. The progress of discovery is undoubtedly in the direction of the north-western portion of the colony, although there have lately been accounts of a favourable character from parties who have been prospecting among the ranges and mountains to the eastward. At Ballan, Mount Blackwood, Mount Egerton, and thence to Ballarat, the ranges appear to be highly auriferous.

#### CANADA.

The rise in the price of lumber, owing to short supplies, will, it is expected, speedily counteract the depression this important branch of trade has been labouring under for some time past. The "State of Maine" alludes as follows to the effects likely to spring out of the Reciprocity Treaty in connection with the Grand Trunk Railroad:—

"An arrangement has been consummated by the railways between Montreal and Bangor, by which flour is taken from Montreal to the latter place for 60 cents per barrel. This will place flour into Bangor as cheaply as into New York. The Grand Trunk line is to be opened as far as Brockville on the 15th of November next. Brockville is above the Long Salt Rapids, and will give one month later navigation than through the Erie Canal. Canadian flour has already become a favourite in this market, and we confidently believe that the lumbermen of Maine will this year taste the fruits of the Reciprocity Treaty. We look, therefore, for a brisk trade in breadstuffs this coming winter, on the Grand Trunk Railway, and between Portland and the Lower Provinces. The railway is now in a condition to bring 10,000 barrels per week."

### The War.

#### OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.

THE ADVANCED STATE OF THE WINTER PREPARATIONS AT SEBASTOPOL. Nov. 2.—Some of the huts for winter use have arrived, and fatigue parties are busily employed in unloading the ships in which they have been conveyed. The troops are still working at the roads. The other preparations to meet the exigencies of the coming winter, accumulation of stores at the central and divisional depôts, erection of stabling, construction of kitchens, draining, &c., are in active progress. In spite of the opposition made by the enemy from the north side, large quantities of cut stone, roofing, bricks, timber, and other building materials are daily brought up from the ruins of Sebastopol.

#### REMOURED INTENTIONS OF THE RUSSIANS.

This afternoon (Nov. 2), a young officer, or cadet, who, according to his own account, was for some slight offence taken from his regiment and attached as a punishment to the Cossacks, came over to us, and, among other valuable information, brought the news that the Russian army of the Crimea, about 70,000 men, had received orders and was preparing to attack our lines, especially our right, from Tchorgoun to the extreme right, on the 6th or 9th of this month, and if the attack should not succeed, the army had orders to evacuate the Crimea, and to take up its position at Kleron and Nicolaïeff. According to the accounts of the young officer, who seems to be marvellously well informed in everything, the preparations for this retreat are already made. The heavy position guns which were in the batteries on the Mackenzie heights have been removed, and replaced by others of lighter calibre. The heavy baggage has likewise gone.

#### ROAD-MAKING.

Nov. 3.—Great exertions are being made to have the army huddled and the roads completed before the wet weather sets in; but the general opinion is that the hutting is being lost sight of too much, and that too many men are employed each day on the roads, which latter are becoming far too numerous. Besides the main roads there are division roads, regimental roads in each camp, and also roads leading from the commissariat of every division to each regiment. If only 9,600 men are employed on the roads, one cannot understand where the remainder of the 30,000 men are. All the different camps are quite empty, and for an officer to get a fatigue man to assist in building his hut is impossible. Many corps are actually obliged, in order to make up the requisite number, to send their band and drummers. But our system is so faulty, that if a regiment was 750 strong, 150 would be taken away for different duties not connected in any way with the fighting position of the army. On inquiry you will find men attached to the ambulance, land transport, or else they are at Balaklava or lime burners. In addition to all this, there have to be deducted servants, batmen, sick, orderlies, cooks, convalescents, acting sappers, so that instead of a regiment having 750 men fit for duty, it only can have 500. In short, about one-third of a regiment vanishes by different methods. The number of assistant engineers at 7s. 6d. a day, each employed on the main roads or highways, is really astonishing.

#### A FRENCH SOLDIER AND RUSSIAN OFFICER EXCHANGING COURTESIES.

I was on guard the other day at Fort St. Nicholas, writes a French soldier from Sebastopol, almost in front of Fort Catherine. I passed the whole of the day observing them with my glass, and none of the details of their internal service escaped me. I even saw them call the muster roll, and eat their soup. There is also a Russian post commanded by an officer at Fort Catherine; and he and I remained a long time observing each other. He ended the examination by taking his cap off and saluting me very politely, to which I answered by saluting him as amicably as possible, and then for an hour we continued the exchange of courtesies. Other Russians soon came up, and our salutations were renewed. I was on the summit of the tower, with my epaulettes on, sabre, &c., so that I was perfectly recognised. In the event of their having any desire to fire on me, I could have easily taken shelter in the upper battery, but they did not appear to have any idea of doing so.

#### CHOLERA IN THE CAMP.

The troops continue very healthy. A few scattered cases of cholera have occurred in various parts of the camp. The General Hospital in rear of the Third Division is to be broken up, as there is no likelihood of this establishment being required during the winter. It has proved very useful in relieving the regimental hospitals, when, from sudden emergency, their accommodation and resources have been unequal to the demand made upon them.

#### THE CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF INKERMANN.

The 5th of November, the anniversary of the battle of Inkermann, has been celebrated in the English camp by bonfires. A number of tar-barrels which had been brought back by the soldiers from Sebastopol, where a great quantity of it has been found, were broken open and set on fire. In these were dipped pieces of rags fastened to sticks, and thus torches improvised, which were swung about and thrown up in the air, giving to the scene from afar the appearance of some pyrotechnic exhibition. The main group in the middle stirring up the tar-barrels, the frantic attitudes and leaps of those around, swinging about their torches and throwing them into the air, and in the background the guard turned out to prevent disorder, and forming a picturesque contrast in their dark

gray coats with the glaring figures of the chief actors. The Light Division began the joke, which was taken up soon by the other English divisions, until the whole English camp was one blazing light, and the air rang with shouts and hurrahs.

#### REINFORCEMENTS OF FRENCH TROOPS.

A good number of French have arrived lately in the Crimea. To every regiment a draft of 450 men has been sent out, so that, notwithstanding the casualties which have taken place up to the end of the siege, the number of French has not only not decreased, but rather the contrary. Besides these reinforcements, which have been added to the old regiments, a new strong division, Chasseurs-Légers, and the brigade Jamin, have joined. The Guard Impériale was reviewed yesterday, previous to its departure for France. It is stated that the regiments forming the first four divisions which came out are likewise going, with the exception of the Zouaves and the Legion Étrangère. The Zouaves will be strengthened by volunteers from other regiments whose time is up, and who desire to be re-enlisted for another period.

#### SERIOUS EXPLOSION OF MAGAZINES NEAR INKERMANN.

Lord Panmure has received the following telegraphic despatch from General Sir William Codrington, dated 16th November:—

"A very heavy explosion of a store of powder at the French siege train, took place about 3 p.m. yesterday. It communicated fire to our siege train close to it, where there was no powder, but some naval live shells, most of which were removed, but the loss of life and damage done is considerable. The great explosion threw shell over the camp of our siege train; the huts of the 1st Brigade, being entirely damaged, but not by fire; all officers and men were on the spot at once, and worked with good will and energy, and I saw all safe when I quitted at 7 p.m. Killed—Deputy-Assistant Commissary Yellon, R.A., and 21 non-commissioned officers and men wounded. Lieutenant Dawson, R.A., lost his leg below the knee. Lieutenant Roberts dangerously in the arm. Lieutenant Eccles and Assistant-Surgeon Reade, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, slightly; 116 brigade commissioned officers and men, of whom 47 slightly. Missing—4 rank and file."

A despatch from Sebastopol via Paris, dated the 16th inst., states that the French park of artillery near Inkermann has been partly destroyed by the explosion of three magazines, containing 30,000 kilogrammes (about 63,000 lbs.) of powder, 600,000 cartouches, and 300 shells, the fire even gaining the English park of artillery. The French losses consisted of 30 killed, including two officers; 100 wounded, including 10 officers. The English losses were nearly as much. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

#### DESTRUCTION OF GRAIN AND FORAGE IN THE PUTRID SEA AND SEA OF AZOF.

The following telegraphic despatch and its enclosures from Sir E. Lyons have been received by the Secretary of the Admiralty:—

Varna, Nov. 18, 7.15 p.m.

"Captain Sherrard Osborne reports that, on the 5th and 6th instant, a flotilla under his orders, in the Sea of Azof, destroyed enormous quantities of grain and forage, of this year's harvest, which was compactly stacked in six tiers, extending two miles along the coast, near Gheiskliman, ready to be conveyed partly to the Crimean army, after the formation of the ice in the Gulf of Azof, and partly to the army of the Caucasus, and which the enemy thought secure from any naval attack."

"By the skillfulness of the arrangements, and the manner in which they were executed by Captain Osborne, in which he was ably seconded by Commander John J. Kennedy, the enterprise was effected in the most brilliant manner, by landing on three points, under cover of the gun-boats of the Allies, in the face of not less than 4,000 cavalry and infantry. Our loss amounted to only six wounded."

#### LIEUTENANT COMMERELL'S DESPATCH.

Landing with a petty officer and one man, I forded the Kara-Su and Salghir Rivers, and at a distance of about two miles and a half from the boat, arrived at the corn and forage we were in search of, stacked on the banks of the Salghir River, evidently for transmission by water, as the river was perfectly navigable for barges, the sides being cut, and towing paths on either bank.

In a short time the forage and corn, amounting to about 400 tons, was totally destroyed, not, however, without alarming the guard, and from 20 to 30 mounted Cossacks, who were encamped in a village close at hand. On our retreating, we were so hard pressed by them, that, but for the circumstance of the last 200 yards being mud, and the cover of rifles from Mr. Lillingston, and a man who remained in the boat, we could hardly have escaped capture. Having recrossed the spit, we returned to the *Weser* by eight a.m.

I must bring to your notice the excellent behaviour of the small party who accompanied me, more especially that of William Rickard, Quartermaster, who, though much fatigued himself, remained to assist the other seaman, who, from exhaustion, had fallen in the mud, and was unable to extricate himself, notwithstanding the enemy was keeping up a heavy fire on us, at the distance of 30 or 40 yards, as we crossed the mud.

#### GREAT DESTRUCTION OF BOATS AND FISHING GEAR.—LIEUTENANT DAY'S DESPATCH.

According to my orders, I steered for my cruising ground between the Dolan Bank and Whitehouse Spit. When off the latter place, observing a number of men and boats engaged in fishing, and also that many large fishing stores—houses had been built since my last visit here on the 14th of last month, I hauled close in to the shore, anchoring the *Recruit* about 700 yards off, with the intention of landing with my boats and destroying all I could, as soon as I had driven back the troops, who were coming down in great numbers, both cavalry and infantry, to prevent us; the former we soon disposed of, but the latter, scattering themselves about in twos and threes, threw themselves on the ground, creeping along so that we could not see them to stop their advance with our shells from the ship. I therefore resolved to land at once, in hopes, by the quickness of our movements, to get our work over before they could possibly close on us. Unfortunately for me, I regret to say that, whilst directing the pointing of an 8-inch gun to where I believed some of these riflemen to be (just as I was on the point of going into the boat to land), the gun, from some unaccountable cause, went off, and, in recoiling, the whole weight of both gun and carriage came down on my left foot, injuring it very severely and breaking several bones, which I fear will lay me up for some time.

I was thus rendered incapable of landing, so sent Mr. Parker, second master of this ship, on shore, in charge of the boats and landing party, who succeeded in carrying out my instructions as to the destruction of all the boats there (seven in number), many new fishing nets of great length, five large new fishing establishments, full of quantities of fishing tackle and other gear. This service he performed in a most gallant manner, and much to my satisfaction, as they were the whole time exposed to a very smart and annoying fire from the enemy's concealed infantry, (at a very short distance), who in spite of our fire from the ship, had managed to creep down close to them, favoured by the inequality of the ground and long grass, so that our party had to make a long detour (covered by a hot fire of rifles) from the *Recruit*, to prevent them being cut off, and to get to their boats. The Russians kept up a constant fire of rifles from the lighthouse, in which they had succeeded in lodging themselves, upon the boats, and then upon the ship, which we returned with rifles only, and I think to some purpose, until we weighed and shifted further out. Not a man was hit, though ship and boat were many times. As I did not wish to injure the lighthouse, I did not attempt to fire, so as to dislodge them, with shot or shell from the guns.

The 17th I stood along the spit to see if any more boats or nets could be found along the shore where I could destroy them, as also to drive away a number of troops I saw hidden behind some banks, and at the same time to try and set fire with carcases to a number of new stores, built on the broad part of the spit, high up, but too far off for me with my small force to attempt to land and destroy.

Captain S. Osborne, of the *Vesuvius*, in forwarding the above despatches to Sir E. Lyons, says:—

"Directly the enemy saw their escape threatened, they beat a rapid re-

treit, though fully 150 in number, and effected their escape by a superior knowledge of the paths through the swamps."

"Lieutenant Strode then destroyed their posts, which had been recently reconstructed; they were eight in number, and calculated to house 200 men; besides these, eleven fine boats and an extensive fishery were set fire to, near the town of Alti."

"The *Recruit*, Lieutenant Day, at the same time destroyed, in the neighbourhood of Marianopol, two large fisheries and some fine launches, mounted on regular travelling land-carriages, and in the evening we were complete masters of the only portion of the coast the enemy have attempted to re-establish themselves upon; and, as the frosts have already set in, I am in hopes that they will not be able to recover their ground before next spring."

"The extraordinary efforts made by the enemy to prosecute their fisheries upon this coast are the best proof of their importance."

"They sometimes move down 200 or 300 soldiers, who escort large launches placed upon carriages and arabas drawn by oxen laden with nets and gear, as well as fishermen to work them."

"The fish, directly they are caught, are carted off into the interior; and when it is remembered that we have destroyed some hundred and odd launches upon one spit alone, some idea can be formed of the immense quantity of fish consumed on this spot; and in proof of its being a large item in the sustenance of Russian soldiers, I would remind you that hundreds of tons of salted and dried fish were found and destroyed by us in the first destruction of the military depôts at Ghenitchi in May last."

#### THE DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS BY OMAR PACHA.

The following official despatches respecting the recent victory obtained by the Turks over the Russians have been received from Viscount de Redcliffe, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs at the Sublime Porte:—

"At noon, Omar Pacha forded the river Ingour on the 6th, at the head of 20,000 men, and defeated the Russians, computed at 10,000, including militia, and partly entrenched."

"The enemy lost about 400 in killed and wounded, 60 prisoners, and three pieces of cannon."

"The Turkish loss was upwards of 300."

"The British officers did honour to their country."

Constantinople, Nov. 15.

"On the 6th of November, the troops under Omar Pacha, with the water up to their armpits, under a terrible fire, forced the passage of the river Anakara, or Onfour, in Georgia, which was defended by 16,000 Russians."

"They attacked the Russian redoubts at the point of the bayonet, and carried them, despite the desperate defence of the enemy."

"The Russian troops were completely routed, and fled."

"Our troops captured five cannon, seven ammunition carts, and some 40 prisoners."

"The Russians left more than 400 dead on the field of battle, among whom were two superior officers and 100 subalterns."

"Our loss amounts to 68 killed and 220 wounded."

#### CAPTURE OF RUSSIAN SAILORS IN THE SEA OF OKHOTSK.

The following is an extract of a letter from the agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Company at Hong Kong, received from Calcutta on the 15th inst., and bearing date four days later than the letters brought by the last China mails:—

"The Bremen brig *Greta* arrived in this harbour yesterday, in charge of Lieutenant Gibson. She was taken a prize by her Majesty's steamer *Barracouta* on the 1st of August in the Sea of Okhotsk, under American colours, and having on board 277 Russian sailors, part of the crew of the Russian frigate *Diana*, which was wrecked some months ago on the coast of Japan."

"The Russian fleet was supposed to be to the north of the river Amoor."

"The 'Friend of China,' in an extra edition, dated September 18, has the following:—

"The *Greta* was found in the Okhotsk Sea, about seven weeks ago, with 250 Russians of the wrecked *Diana's* crew, including a Prince of the blood. The prisoners were distributed as follows:—*Barracouta*, 80; *Pique*, 100; *Spartan*, 100."

#### THE BALTIC FLEET.

KIEL, Nov. 16.—The arrival of the *Duke of Wellington* on Wednesday afternoon was followed the same evening by that of the *Firefly*; and next morning the *Majestic* made her appearance. So that all the English line-of-battle ships are now here, with the exception of the *Orion*, which alone has been appointed to remain somewhat longer, as it is thought she will be quite match enough for any Russian that may attempt to venture out beyond the protection of their strongholds ashore. Yesterday the *Tourville*, with the flag of Rear-Admiral Penard, and the *Duquesne*, French screw ships of the line, arrived in the bay, which now presents a truly magnificent display of splendid ships of war. The accounts received here from Riga mention that, in consequence of the departure of the fleets, all the regular troops had been marched from the coast to the interior, from whence, it is conjectured, they will speedily be removed to the southern districts of the empire. There were only now to be seen at Riga and the neighbourhood Cossacks and newly raised militia, to whom the protection of the country was confided.

The Prussian Government is busily engaged with the works required to form the naval establishment on the Jade, and that, under present circumstances, is another reason why British ships of war should at this time maintain a strict watch in the adjacent waters, for which the possession of Heligoland gives great advantages.

#### CONVERSION OF SMYRNA HOSPITAL INTO BARRACKS FOR THE SWISS LEGION.

We learn that on the 9th inst. a despatch from the War Office was received at Smyrna, announcing the abandonment of that place as an hospital, and the occupation of the building as a barracks for the Swiss Legion.

It is stated that neither the superintendent nor the medical men know what course Government means to pursue regarding themselves. All the patients who are not absolutely unable to bear the journey are to be at once removed to Renkioi; and, there being no means of transport at hand, while the troops to occupy the barracks are actually on their way, the superintendent had gone to Constantinople for a ship or ships.

The only explanation that anybody can offer for this unexpected proceeding is that Government are unaware of sick having been sent to Smyrna. There had been rumours in the town of the intense disgust with which the military had heard of the civil hospitals having got anything to do, but it is difficult to see how this could have had any effect in causing the sudden abandonment of this hospital. The European inhabitants are said to be unanimous in their regret at what has taken them so much by surprise; for the conduct of the medical staff, from the superintendent downwards, has been throughout such as to obtain and secure the esteem and respect of all with whom they have come into contact.

SECURITY OF KINBURN.—Kinburn is secure against any forces the enemy can bring against it, covered, as it is, by the guns of the flotilla we have left behind to protect it. The garrison is strong; it is well to keep the exact force secret, but the Russians must know as well as we can how many men the fort will contain with convenience. The French troops will occupy the fort, but a small body of English will be left to guard the flag which waves along with the tricolour from its ramparts, and the task of its defence will be shared by a powerful English squadron with our Allies. They have worked with extraordinary energy to repair the place. All the curtains are rebuilt, the ruins cleared away, the damaged guns removed, and fine ships' guns put in their place; the fosse cleared out and deepened, the palisades repaired, the south-eastern gateway filled up, and its approaches covered by a strong ravelin; the crest of the parapets repaired solidly and well with fascines and earthwork, the Russian guns rendered efficient, the casemates cleared out and filled with stores or adapted as barracks, and the interior buildings in course of reconstruction and renovation. The batteries on the Spit are to be destroyed, and that process is easily effected by removing the massive beams which support the sand and few gabions used in their construction.





SMYRNA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

## MILITARY HOSPITALS IN THE EAST.

AMONG the many matters of importance connected with the eventful war that is now raging, there are very few, if indeed any, subjects which have elicited more general or more genuine sympathy—especially among the fairer, the gentler, and the better sex—than the management of our military hospitals. This, of course, is no more than natural; for it is only human to sympathise, in the most profound degree, with the sufferings, and to feel the highest measure of interest in the means and appliances used to alleviate the pains, of those brave English heroes—our sons, brothers, kinsmen, or schoolfellows—who, for the honour and glory of their country, exposed themselves to danger and death on the banks of the Alma, among the thickets of Inkermann, or at Balaklava—in that “valley of death,” so graphically pictured by the most distinguished of our living poets, where

“Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Valley’d and thunder’d.”

The coalition Ministers of State, who undertook the conduct of the war without believing in its necessity, were, in regard to the military hospitals, as in regard to everything else of consequence, except “pot-valiant bravado,” a little “too late.” Harrowing tales of suffering, ere long, reached home. The sick and wounded, it was said, were almost totally neglected, and left to perish for want of necessary comforts; the medical officers were too few in number, and, however zealous in their exercise of the “healing art,” unequal to the burden imposed on them. There was such a scandalous deficiency of beds and bedding, that the sick or wounded soldier was frequently left for hours without nourishment in the passages or lobbies, covered with filth or weltering in his blood; and when, at length, he was laid on a miserable pallet, there was no change of clothing, no nurse to bathe his wounds, and no nutritious diet to revive his energies. The consequences may easily be imagined. Sometimes, when the half-drunken attendants raised the wounded hero from the ground, they found a stiffened corpse, or a man in the last agonies of convulsion, whom proper attention or timely care might have saved from a wretched death.

It was in this emergency that Miss Nightingale, whose name will long be cherished as that of one of England’s greatest heroines, appeared, and undertook the noble and ennobling duty of alleviating the sufferings, and softening the pillows, of our sick and wounded soldiers. She left her paternal home, among the Derby hills, and devoted herself to her mission with all the dignity and determination inspired by purity of heart, greatness of soul, and strength of mind. She formed a body of nurses, eighty-five in number, some, like herself, ladies of distinguished social position, and on the 23rd of October, 1854, fared forth on her voyage of mercy.

Our space would fail us to detail the difficulties which Miss Nightingale and her nurses had to contend with on their arrival in the East. When they first made their appearance at Scutari there was neither kitchen, coals, nor candles—nothing, in fact, but the naked walls. They soon set to work, however, to make the place comfortable, and in two days effected a great change in the interior appearance of the building. They had at one time nearly 3,000 sick and wounded, and if the beds had been placed at full length they would have extended three miles and 500 yards. Many of the assistant-surgeons—very young men—were attacked with fever from sleeping in the corridors that ran round the hospital. These rooms were so situated, that when fires were lighted in them the draught brought all the impure air of the hospital into them, causing fever and other diseases. The consequence was, that 17 of these young men were attacked by the disease, and of these four or five fell victims to it. When the band of female nurses first arrived, they were despised for their want of medical skill, and disliked for the curiosity characteristic of their sex; but two or three days after, when 600 wounded men were brought down, they dressed the wounds of 300 of them, and waited upon them with so much tenderness and assiduity, that the medical men began to change their opinions.

Other philanthropists had previously visited the seat of war, or its vicinity, on errands of mercy—conspicuous among whom were Mr. Stafford, M.P., and the Rev. S. G. Osborne. The latter recently said—“He saw the hospitals under the most trying circumstances—after the battle of Inkermann. At that battle the number of the wounded was 1,760, and there were no preparations made in the hospitals for anything like that number. Had it not been for Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Bracebridge, he could not conceive anything more terrible than the English hospital would have been. They who were at home saw but one side of the battle. They rejoiced in the victory, but had little conception of the woes attending it. The popular idea of the soldier was connected too much with his pension and his laurel leaf. Men did not think of the soldier’s sufferings in the battle-field, and after it in the hospital, where, on the long lanes of beds, were to be found every kind of wound and mutilation. Miss Nightingale (said the Hon. and Rev. Gentleman) had been ably supported in her labours by Mrs. Bracebridge. The work they had done, the toil they had undergone, would have been too much for the endurance of an Englishman, but they were not too much for that of Englishwomen. When the future historian should give an account of that campaign, no the least proud passage in it would be that which told how Englishmen

fought at Inkermann and Alma, and amid the fearful fire of the Redan, and how Englishwomen, also, were found to shrink from no work, however appalling, to which duty called them. To those works they were moved by no motives of worldly fame, but by those only of tried Christian feeling. There were some things in which, when men failed, women could succeed, and Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Bracebridge, who supported her, would not be the least honoured in the history of that eastern campaign.”

In their humane labours, Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Bracebridge received assistance of no ordinary value from the conductors of the “Times” newspaper. That journal, having announced that it would receive subscriptions, and been supplied by the public with funds, despatched Mr. Macdonald to the East to dispense and apply the funds. The soldiers, of course, were delighted when clean clothing, and necessary articles of food, were supplied to them with a bountiful hand.

Colonel Lefroy has now been commissioned to proceed to Smyrna for the purpose of breaking up the Civil Hospital establishment at that station. The Hospital, it is stated, is to be converted into barracks for the accommodation, during the winter months, of various drafts of the army in the Crimea. We hasten, before it is thus metamorphosed, to present our readers with engravings of a general view of Smyrna, of the Smyrna Hospital, and of the Sanitarium at Smyrna.

## GENERAL VIEW OF SMYRNA.

THE harbour of Smyrna is a graceful curve, at the base of which extends the town. What strikes the eye of a visitor on landing, are the cypress trees, rising above the houses, and blending their black cones with the white summits of the minarets and a hill surmounted by an old ruined fortress, the dismantled walls of which, standing out against the clear sky, form an amphitheatre behind the houses of the town. One of the most celebrated sights in the place is the “Bridge of Caravans,” which crosses the rivulet known as the Meles, overshadowed, on one bank, by immense plane trees, while, on the other, some gigantic cypresses indicate a ceme-

tery. Smyrna, seen to advantage, looks superb, with its houses of red and white, red-tiled roofs, screens of cypresses, tufts of verdure, white domes, and minarets rising like pillars of ivory. The houses are generally low with white fronts enlivened by paintings of arabesques, or foliage in tints of brilliant blue, which give them the appearance of clean and fresh English porcelain. The environs display a variety of culture, with gardens and vineyards, and olive and orange groves, on the banks of the Meles, which renders the place both pleasant and picturesque.

## THE HOSPITAL AT SMYRNA.

THE British Civil Hospital at Smyrna is situated in the healthiest part of the city, and has the advantage of a handsome sea frontage. It is a spacious edifice, three storeys high, built of stone of a red colour, except round the windows, and constructed in the form of three sides of a square—the side towards the sea being open for the advantage of the breeze. Behind the building lies the Turkish quarter of the town, and in the background the series of hills, surmounted by the old castle already mentioned.

When the hospital came into existence about the beginning of this year, a staff-surgeon was sent down from Scutari, and arrived at Smyrna on the 1st of February. Though he found the building with bare walls, within two days he reported that the hospital was completely furnished and ready for the reception of 500 patients, and in another week it was ready for the reception of 300 more. On the arrival of the sick on the 14th of February, it was found that everything necessary for their comfort, including bedding, bedsteads, baths, and medical comforts of every description, was prepared. Within the ten or twelve following days 800 sick had arrived; and, on the 16th of March, forty nurses, half of whom were ladies, selected by Mrs. Sidney Herbert, having arrived, the hospital was handed over to the civil staff, and the mortality among the patients rapidly diminished.

“The most punctilious person,” writes the correspondent of a London journal, under date the 18th of May, “would find it hard to discover anything wanting in the corridors or wards. An interval of several feet exists between the beds, that each patient may have his proper allowance of atmospheric air (1,000 cubic feet). By each bed are a table for writing and every other necessary. In the centre of the apartment is a long table with a coverlid, on which lie books of all kinds, newspapers, and journals, which the men peruse with great avidity. These works are changed from day to day, so that there is a permanent source of amusement, rendering confinement to the ward but little irksome. Since the formation of the Smyrna Hospital library, which is managed by the Church of England chaplain, a considerable change has come over the habits of the men; they smoke and lounge about less, and the groups of politicians are more disposed to hear one of their number read from some interesting journal, than to engage in angry discussions on the relative merits of their respective corps. It is most rare to hear an oath, an angry word, or a hasty expression, even from those in pain. The men preserve among themselves that degree of order which enables the lady nurses to discharge their duties, sure of everywhere receiving the same amount of respect as if they were in their own drawing-rooms. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the moral influence exercised by these women, who are well known to have left their homes to offer their services gratuitously. In all they say or do they act with an authority which no paid servant could assume; their motives cannot be impugned, and the patients obey their slightest wishes.”

It need not be said that the medical officers, representing King’s College, St. Bartholomew’s, the London, Westminster, and St. George’s Hospitals, the Universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, have performed the duties assigned to them with an amount of skill equal to that which was expected of them. The habits and the dress of all connected with the hospital are undergoing change, as compared with European customs. The medical officers rise at 5½ to 6 a.m.; breakfast off tea, rice, honey, and meat, at 6 to 7; the first hospital visit is from 7½ to 10; committee meetings, *post mortem* examinations, 10 to 12; dinner at 1 p.m., then a *siesta*; second hospital visit, 5 to 6; supper at 8. But one senior and two junior medical officers are on permanent duty for the day. They examine prisoners, inspect the cells, see that all the attendants are at their posts, that the dinners are properly served, that the lights at night-time are extinguished, and that the night watchers are properly alert. A report is sent in to the superintendent every morning.”

## THE SANITARIUM AT SMYRNA.

ABOUT the close of March, this spacious building was erected on the seashore, to the south-west of the General Hospital, and easily reached in a quarter of an hour’s row across the bay, and was opened for the reception of two or three hundred convalescents.

On the 18th of June, the Hospital and the Sanitarium were inspected by Lord William Paulet, who took with him back to Scutari all the men fit or nearly fit for active duty in the Crimea. About 320 men embarked in very good condition. In the course of a few days, above 100 men were sent home invalided and unfit for service, when the hospital was left comparatively empty.



THE HOSPITAL AT SMYRNA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTCH.)



RECONNAISSANCE NEAR EUPATORIA.

THE Cavalry Brigade started from Eupatoria on the 22nd of Oct., and consisted of English, French, and Turks, keeping the inland side of the Salt Lake, while the infantry proceeded by the short way over the narrow neck of land between the lake and sea, to meet the English on the 23rd in the neighbourhood of Sak. This is a Russian town remarkable for the manufacture of salt, of which a large quantity used to be annually exported from Eupatoria.

After passing the Turkish line of defences, the English cavalry struck right into the country for the village of Kumen, which the enemy saved them the trouble of burning, according to the Russian custom, preferring to do it themselves. Shortly after we came within range of their columns in the neighbourhood of Karagurt, when the French guns opened fire, and after a few shots the enemy retreated, and left the English to pitch their tents in quiet. Karagurt was an excellent halting-place for the night—fire and water, those necessities so scarce in the inhospitable steppes of the Crimea, being both abundant. There were several wells of the best water in this part of the Crimea, and the houses supplied plenty of wood.

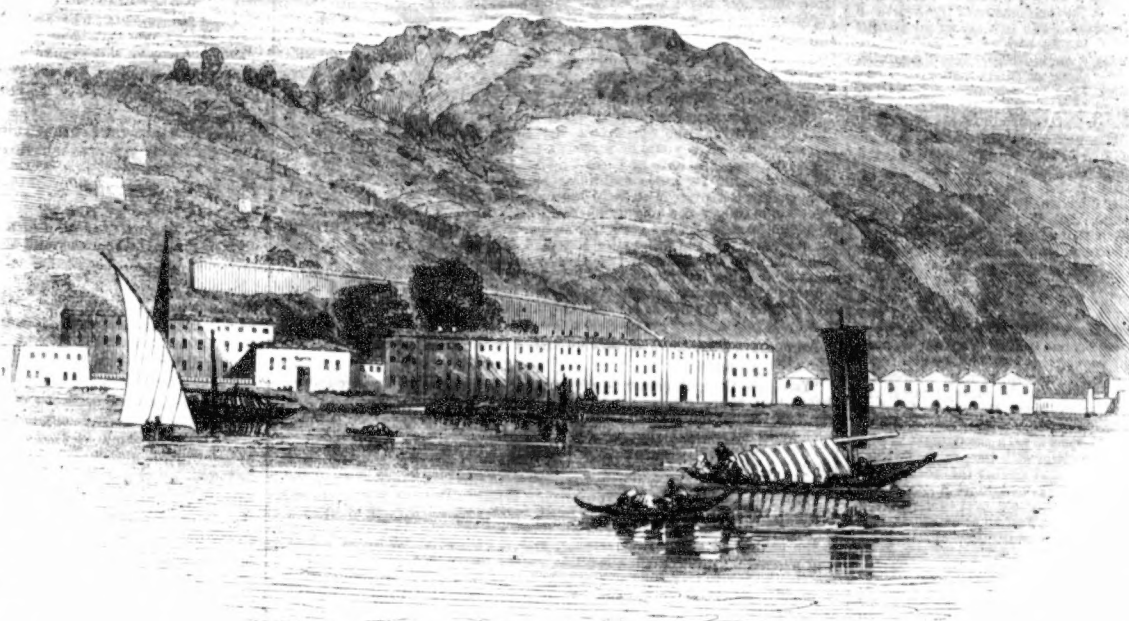
As the light dawned on the 23rd, one could discern the Cossack outposts and the Bashi-Bazouks skirmishing, and now and then exchanging an odd shot to keep themselves warm. The Bashis did their work well. These wild horsemen of the East manage their animals with wonderful skill; men and horses seem to thrive on air and exercise, with little else to boot.

About 9 o'clock the enemy showed in force, and then kept slowly retreating until midday, when he took up a position about a mile from Tchobotar, showing fight, which General d'Allonville would have indulged him in if the French infantry had come up, and many an eye in search of them was directed over the plain towards Sak; but in vain, for from some cause or other they were not up in time.

Meantime, while waiting for the infantry, not to be altogether idle, Thomas's troop of Royal Horse Artillery was ordered to the front. This was a moment of deep interest.

Some few small knots of the enemy remained within range, and General d'Allonville, with Lord George Paget, stood close by while Captain Thomas proceeded to dislodge them, which he effected with a very few rounds, each shot, with wonderful precision, being popped down in the midst of a knot. The Turkish artillery now opened fire on our left, which was returned by the enemy, but led to nothing further. Without the French infantry, it would have been hazardous to attempt the position of the enemy, and, situated as we were, even a victory must necessarily be void of result, for we could not follow it up, our commissariat being only prepared for three days. We therefore fell back upon Sak for the night, where we found the French infantry, but no water for either men or horses, and the next day we returned to Eupatoria.

On Saturday, the 27th, we started again by the sea-road for Sak, and in the afternoon of the same day found the enemy, in much larger force, in the same position they occupied on the previous Tuesday. It was now strengthened with earthworks, and a piece of marshy ground in front was a formidable obstacle to cavalry. Immediately all our artillery (English, French, and Turkish) opened a brisk fire to unmask the strength of the enemy. The moment Thomas's troop topped the ridge, the Russian guns opened; however, on they dashed, getting closer and closer to the enemy, until all began to think, and many said, "Thomas is going too far." However, he knew what he was about; he got inside the Russian range, and thus, while a shower of shot and shell fell between him and our cavalry,



THE SANITARIUM AT SMYRNA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

that must have annihilated the troop had he unlimbered there, he escaped with comparative impunity, having only one man slightly wounded, two horses killed, and one wounded. By this time 27 casualties had occurred among our Allies. The enemy had evidently very weighty guns in position. They sent some of their shot and shell right over the ridge close to our cavalry, and some of the 12th Lancers had a most providential escape, as shells burst close beside them. Our artillery, though making famous practice, was recalled, and we returned to Sak. The next morning we were out at four o'clock, with all tents struck, and waiting for the light to advance. The whole of the morning we spent manoeuvring in front of the enemy, trying to tempt them from their position to an engagement; however, they would not have it except on their own terms (with guns in position, and a marsh to check our cavalry), and as our General did not consider those terms fair towards his army, he marched us back. We spent another night without water, and returned to Eupatoria on the 29th.

MARSHAL PELISSIER'S DESPATCH.

Marshal Pelissier has forwarded the following despatch to the French Minister of War, dated Head-Quarters, Sebastopol, Nov. 2:—

"M. le Marechal.—You have already been informed that about the middle of October I sent General de Failly's division of infantry to Eupatoria. General Simpson also ordered the embarkation of Lord Paget's cavalry brigade with the same destination.

"This accession of strength would enable General d'Allonville to obtain an insight into the dispositions made by the enemy in the two directions of Perekop and Simpheropol, to harass the great line of communication that unites these two points, and to extend, in case of need, but with the greatest prudence, his action round Eupatoria. In order to put him in a position for making several marches in this barren and arid district, wagons, and sets of portable pumps, buckets and engines fit for working the few wells in that region, had been sent to him from Kamiesch.

"In the great reconnaissance effected between the 22nd and 24th of October, which I had the honour of reporting to your Excellency, General d'Allonville acquired the conviction that the enemy had selected his points of concentration towards the south.

"In order to ascertain this fact, this general left Eupatoria on the 27th of October, in the morning, with 24 battalions from the corps under General de Failly and Ahmet Pacha the Mushir, 38 English, Turkish, and French squadrons, and 56 guns.

"Having arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon before Sak, and having in front of him only a covering line of Cossacks supported by a few squadrons, General d'Allonville stationed the French and Turkish divisions in echelons to the right in front of Sak, the right leaning on the great muddy ravine that runs towards this village, and he himself proceeded with all the cavalry and horse artillery towards Tchobotar, which is about a league and a half distant.

"The enemy's squadrons continued to retire along the Simpheropol road, and when our cavalry had arrived to within about 1,500 metres of the positions covering the point where this road crosses the Tchobotar ravine, the Russians unmasked thirty pieces of large calibre (32-pounders), the shells from which burst along our whole line, killing four of our men, and wounding eighteen. General d'Allonville then put the numerous cavalry of the enemy confronting him to the test. He despatched towards our left four Turkish squadrons against ten Russian squadrons, who did not wait for them, but retired.

"The enemy either did not dare or did not wish to engage, and it could not come into General d'Allonville's mind to let himself be drawn on, with only his cavalry against defensive positions strongly protected. The day was declining. The general decided accordingly on rejoining the infantry, and he took up a strong position for the bivouac, his front covered by Sak, and his wings by the two neighbouring lakes. A few English and French light vessels, stern to stern along the bank, were ready to give the support of their artillery in case it had been required; but the enemy did not attempt to make any attack.

"It was probable that, in presence of this demonstration, the Russians would collect their disposable forces from the points occupied in the vicinity, for the purpose of obtaining their aid in defending the route now menaced. With a view to get a better judgment of these forces, and of the arrangements adopted by the Russians, General d'Allonville resolved to march again towards the enemy on the 28th. The keeping of Sak and the other ravine of Tchobotar entrusted to the Turkish and Egyptian infantry of the Mushir Ahmet Pacha; General de Failly took up his position with his division a league in advance, and General d'Allonville, with Lord Paget's English cavalry brigade, Ali Pacha's Turkish cavalry, and the French cavalry under the orders of General Walsin-Esterhazy, marched eastward in a direction between Temesch and Djamin, and passed along the Russian positions out of the range of their guns.

"The enemy's squadrons fell back on our right, and flanked us on our march without disturbing it, although our cavalry had advanced more than two leagues ahead of our infantry. In these movements the Russians showed about sixty squadrons, and it was possible to distinguish earthworks and troops collected in the direction of Toulat and Aich. After attempting, but in vain, by a few manoeuvres, to bring about a cavalry combat in the plain, General d'Allonville, who could not find any water except at Lez, behind Toulat, fell back about noon on General de Failly's infantry, and with it regained in the evening, without being pursued, his bivouac of the previous evening at Sak.

"The wells at Sak were nearly exhausted; half the horses had not even been able to drink; moreover, the essential object of this operation, which was to reconnoitre the positions of the enemy in this quarter, was attained. General d'Allonville returned, therefore, on the morning of the 29th, to Eupatoria, after ascertaining that on this side, as on all the rest, the entire circuit round this place had been evacuated; that in a radius of seven to eight leagues the enemy had compelled the inhabitants to abandon all the villages; and that the Russian army did not maintain there a single cantonment.

"PELISSIER."

RUSSIA RECRUITING.—For the purpose of increasing the number of officers, the Czar has issued an ukase, applicable to the whole empire, facilitating the entrance of the poor nobility into the army. The Czar, taking into consideration the complete ruin of Russian commerce at Sebastopol, Eupatoria, Yalta, Kertch, Kaffa, and Berdiansk, has ordered that this commerce shall be relieved from all taxes and commercial dues, until the re-establishment of tranquillity in the Tauris. The Grand Duke Constantine, as Grand Admiral, has nominated a commission at Nicolaief, to indemnify the officers, sailors, and employes of the navy for their losses in real or personal property at Sebastopol.



RECONNAISSANCE BY THE 12TH LANCERS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EUPATORIA.



## ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE "New York Herald" quotes from the "Hampshire Telegraph" (a paper published near the country seat of Lord Palmerston) of the 11th of October, stating that a number of British vessels of war had been despatched to Bermuda in consequence of the insulting tone of the United States' Government on the subject of Cuba, and continues:—

"The case, then, becomes an affair of the highest moment, for it involves issues and contingencies which may entangle us and this whole Western Hemisphere in a war with the maritime Powers of Europe. First, it appears that this concentration within striking distance of the island of Cuba of a British squadron, numbering, in all probability, not less than twenty vessels of war (to say nothing of the French West India squadron), is 'in consequence of the American Government having replied to some communication made to them by the British Cabinet. It is doubtless a renewal, in some shape, of the tripartite overtures to the Administration of Mr. Fillmore, which Lord Palmerston may have concluded would be acceptable at Washington, to that of Mr. Pierce after the apparently indignant rejection by Marcy of the Cuban manifesto of his Ministers, resulting from those solemn authorised conferences at Ostend and Aix-la-Chapelle. The question then arises, what is Marcy driving at in thus startling the whole country with his warlike re-opening of the Cuban trouble when everybody had imagined it postponed. Does Marcy or does Mr. Pierce seek to embarrass England and France on the Cuban question by way of a diplomatic diversion to the advantageous settlement of the Danish Sound difficulty? We think not. Or does our Cabinet really believe that the golden opportunity has come for cutting the Gordian knot of the Cuban entanglement with the sword? No. The true explanation, we apprehend, lies in the necessity to our Cabinet aspirants of a little active war capital for the next Presidency. The 'manifest destiny' of Cuba is, sooner or later, the annexation of the island to the United States. This, at all events, is the general popular belief in all quarters of the Union. Thus far our Pierce Administration has lost ground here, as in everything else; while, meantime, the Presidential election of 1856 is coming so near as to require some desperate expedient to recover the lost confidence of the people. Mr. Pierce unquestionably would consent to accept another democratic nomination; and, utterly hopeless as his case appears to be, Marcy himself aspires to the succession. Then, again, Mr. Buchanan, our Minister in London, the especial champion of the Cuban annexationists, is, we dare say, notwithstanding the Ostend collapse, quite ready to co-operate with the Cabinet in any bold Cuban movement which may strengthen his claim with the progressive democracy. In this view we are prepared to believe that neither the Administration nor Mr. Buchanan would hesitate to get up a war-cry against England and France in the matter of Cuba, and such a war-cry as would overwhelm in the democratic national convention, the slavery question, and all other issues, and bring the re-united democracy to the support of the Administration and its most available war candidate for the succession. Though the most pacific people in the world, the people of the United States are ever ready to unite in support of the honour, the glory, the interests, and cause of the country, in a foreign war, and in support of the Administration which may involve us in a war, however feeble such an Administration may be; and this, we conceive, is the desperate alternative which Mr. Pierce and Mr. Marcy have resolved upon in this bellicose re-opening of Cuban embroilment. It is an experiment to divert the public attention from the general imbecilities and collapses in our foreign and domestic affairs which have characterised this Administration, to the public necessity of union against the inadmissible pretensions towards Cuba of England and France. It is but a trick to get up a war-excitement in season for the democratic national convention, and upon which Mr. Pierce or Mr. Marcy may ride into another Presidential term. As the Administration stands it is a failure, and is condemned; but let it involve us in a Cuban quarrel with England and France, from which there may seem to be no hope of escape short of a world-wide war, and it may possibly rise again to its feet. We know that the divided democracy will unite in support of a war for Cuba against the world. Will the Administration follow up their leading card, or collapse? But we shall see."

Joseph Wagner, convicted for enlisting men for the British Foreign Legion to serve in the Crimea, was sentenced on the 1st inst., by Judge Ingersoll, of the United States District Court, to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 100 dollars.

The New York papers publish advices received by the *Star of the West*, stating that Granada had been captured by Colonel Walker.

## THE FRENCH FLOATING BATTERIES.

A BELGIAN contemporary quotes the following from the letter of a French officer attached to the Kinburn expedition:—

"We have just put the floating batteries to a most satisfactory proof. They opened their fire at a quarter past nine, at a distance somewhere between 400 and 600 metres, and by noon there was a splendid breach. The 50-pound balls quickly scaled off the facing of the rampart, and the shells knocked over every thing. I was in the fort after its surrender, when the fire kindled by the mortar-vessels was still burning. I never saw such a confusion of smashed gun-carriages, of broken or dismantled guns: the chaos was superb. Now, we must set to work, and try to do better still. The first trial has been good, but there is yet room for improvement; the engines are not powerful enough, and the hulls do not readily answer the helm. But one thing is decidedly proved—the main and essential thing—and that is, the invulnerability of the floating batteries. They all of them bear the dents of from forty to fifty shots, just like the marks of bullets on a target. We have only lost a few men by some projectiles that entered by the portholes. We are well rewarded by the signs of astonishment and admiration on the part of the English and the Russians."

**REPORTED CAMPAIGN OF THE ALLIES ON THE DANUBE.**—M. de Bourqueney has already had several conferences, says the "Lloyd de Pesth," with Count Buol on the subject of the campaign which the Allies appear to have determined to open on the Danube. The plan of operations is not yet definitely agreed upon. M. de Bourqueney has had for his mission to arrange with the Cabinet of Vienna the questions pertaining to the position of Austria in her character of military protectorate of the Danubian Principalities. Preparations are being made at this moment upon a great scale to provide that, at the opening of the campaign, the troops shall find all that is necessary for an energetic prosecution of the war. In the fortresses of Silistria and Roustchouk, there are already provisions for 100,000 men, and enormous convoys of all kinds of grain are constantly arriving, and great quantities still have been ordered of the contractors. One man engages to deliver 300 head of cattle and 150 loads of wood at Silistria, by the 20th of June.

**ENTENTE CORDIALE.**—The French troops are opposite the Russians along the whole line of the Tchernaya. A few days since, the French soldiers hoisted on the ends of their bayonets some small white handkerchiefs; the Russian soldiers, not to be wanting in politeness, did the same, thus showing that they were disposed for a conference. The French soldiers then showed their bread and coffee, and the Russians their gourd of brandy, and then with common accord they advanced towards each other without arms, and took their coffee and brandy together.

**REMOVAL OF AN EXPEDITION TO ARABAT.**—The English part of the Kinburn expedition, and that part of the French which did not remain as garrison, have been now for a week, but are as yet not disembarked. A rumour is afloat about another expedition to Kaffa, and from thence to Arabat.

**PREPARATIONS FOR ANOTHER ATTACK BY THE RUSSIANS.**—While the Allied armies were only bent, at the beginning of the present month, on preparing for themselves winter cantonments, and every one regarded the campaign as definitively closed, owing to the immovability of the Russians, the report of a proximate attack of the enemy began to circulate, and disturbed the dearly-acquired repose enjoyed by our soldiers. The advices received by our generals, the accounts given by the deserters, and the reconnaissances effected close to the very lines of the enemy, seem to indicate that the Russians were about to make a forward movement. They have of late reinforced their bridge equipages and collected on certain points the matériel necessary to convey their artillery across streams and ravines. Those preparations may have two objects in view—either to serve for a retreat or an offensive movement.

**SHALL OR SHALL NOT ODESSA BE DESTROYED?**—Amongst the usual number of rumours about the camp there is one that Sir Edmund Lyons telegraphed home to our Government, and the French Admiral to his, about destroying Odesa. The replies were—from England, by all means; from France, by no means.

**SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S SUBSTITUTE.**—Colonel Cameron of the 42nd has been appointed to command the Highland Division during Sir Colin Campbell's absence, and Colonel Atherley, of the 92nd, to command the 1st Brigade Highland Division.

**THE RUSSIAN TRADE.**—A man has been sentenced at the Southwark police-office to two months' hard labour, for stealing a quantity of Russian tallow from a wharf in Tooley Street, where he was employed. In answer to a question from the magistrate, the foreman said:—"We have large dealings with Russia, although we are at war, and our money is extensively received in return. Nearly all our tallow comes from Russia. It comes through Prussia. The tallow in question came from Memel in a Dutch vessel."

## THE MANCHESTER STRIKES.

THE self-acting winders and piecers in the cotton factories in Manchester, have given notice to the public that their employers are contemplating a reduction of wages at the present time, when the price of provisions is exceedingly high, over 10 or 12 per cent. above what it has been for some time past. Notwithstanding the memorable strike of 1853, when thousands of the manufacturing population were reduced almost to starvation, nearly 3,000, if not a larger number, of the Manchester operatives have already struck work. The sufferings of those on strike in 1853 were severe enough in all conscience, even when provisions and the necessities of life were some 50 per cent. cheaper than they are now. What misery may not therefore be anticipated, if this unfortunate dissension between masters and men should continue and spread? While there is yet time, therefore, the employers and the employed should take counsel together, and by mutual compromise obviate the dire calamity that is impending.

Respecting the proposed reduction, the operatives say:—"Before, however, any proposition of a reduction can be entertained, it is right not only that the workpeople, but the public, should be satisfied of its necessity, and that it would be a remedy for the evil complained of. The facts of the case appear to us to be these,—that the price of the raw material is high, and the demand for goods and yarns may not be such as to yield the usual profits, when the present state of the money-market is considered; but that a reduction of wages is a remedy for these evils we most emphatically deny. If the cotton is dear, let the consumption be diminished. If the cotton trade is not remunerative, the evil to be remedied is over-production, the remedy for which may be expressed in two short words—short-time. Let the masters adopt this obviously prudent course, and we will go with them; but we never can consent to advise our fellow-workmen to listen to any reduction of their hard earnings, inasmuch as it would only aggravate the evil which it professes to remedy."

An address from the men now on strike to their employers, contains the following passages:—

"You have thought proper to give us notice of a reduction in our wages. Before that notice expires we beg respectfully to suggest the expediency of adopting another course, viz., a temporary reduction in the time of working, say from 60 to 40 hours in the week. We are fully aware that your trade has, generally, been unprofitable during the present year, and are quite willing to join you in any measure that may be calculated to alter this state of things, but we submit that a reduction of wages is not one of them."

"It is remarkable that while you propose to relieve yourselves by a reduction of wages, which, however important to us, is only a small decimal of the cost of production, you are giving ten per cent. of an advance within the last fortnight to the holders of cotton in Liverpool; and if we may judge by the extent of your purchases at this advance, it seems almost incredible that it can be of importance to you to take from our earnings such a small proportion of the cost of production. Gentlemen, we submit to you that at present there is too large a production of yarn and goods, and too small a stock of cotton in this country, and that the simplest plan (and one most consistent with common sense) of remedying the present state of things, is to diminish the production of the yarn by reducing the time of working. This we are quite ready to do, as regards ourselves; and as the only valid objection to it we can see is that the example may not be followed in other districts, we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to induce our fellow-workmen all over the country to associate with their masters in adopting a course which we believe to be wise, humane, and efficient for the object we all desire."

Ever since the commencement of the strike on Wednesday last, the number of operatives idle has daily increased. The turnouts have held meetings, and paraded some of the principal streets of Manchester, but without manifesting any desire to disturb the public peace.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

## PRINCE ALBERT'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.

PRINCE ALBERT visited Birmingham on Thursday for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of the Midland Institute. The Prince arrived about noon, and was received by the Mayor and Corporation. After presenting the Prince with an address, the magistrates gave place to the Institute Council, who conducted the Prince to his place in the procession. The Prince was then conducted through part of Livery Street, along Monmouth Street, Bull Street, High Street, and New Street, to the Free Grammar School, where the governors joined the procession. The course was then resumed, and the procession traversed New Street to the site of the Institute, when the ceremony of laying the foundation stone took place. As we shall next week publish some engravings connected with this visit of Prince Albert to Birmingham, we refrain till then from entering into further details respecting this auspicious event.

**THE "DEAR BREAD" QUESTION.**—Towards the end of last week a meeting of operatives was held at Manchester to consider the question, "Why are provisions dear? Why is employment scarce?" The People's Institute was the place of meeting, and nearly 2,000 persons were present. A working man was called to the chair, and in opening the meeting repudiated any connection with the Peace Society, whose bills about dear bread had been posted on the walls of the room, without the knowledge of the promoters of the meeting, who had no intention to advocate anything in opposition to the war. The speaker praised the course taken by the Emperor of the French in forbidding the exportation of corn, and said our own Government ought to adopt similar measures to defend the object of speculators and capitalists. An amendment in favour of the Maine Liquor Law was put and lost, but resolutions against the exportation of corn, and in favour of the People's Charter were carried.

**"DEAR BREAD" MEETINGS IN STAFFORDSHIRE.**—Three open-air meetings were held on Sunday last in South Staffordshire and the neighbourhood of Birmingham, on the subject of the high price of bread. Two of these meetings were in the morning; one at Spon Lane, the other at Deritend Pool. At the former 10,000 people were present, and it was resolved to send a deputation to the Queen, to represent the alleged grievances of the people in the matter of dear bread. At Deritend Pool about 1,000 persons were present, and several speeches were made by operatives. The afternoon meeting took place at Hockley Road, near Birmingham, and was attended by 1,200 persons. A Mr. G. White read a memorial to the Queen, which had been agreed to in the morning at the Spon Lane meeting. It was to the effect that the people of South Staffordshire were suffering great privations in consequence of the high price of food; and it prayed her Majesty to issue an order prohibiting the exportation of grain; and to establish public granaries, and check undue speculation in corn. Mr. White stated that he had written to her Majesty's private secretary, asking when it would be convenient to receive the deputation, and that he had received an answer to the effect that memorials to the Queen should be presented through the Secretary of State for the Home Department. The speaker proceeded to say that the memorial had been the result of a solemn vote from a respectable meeting at Spon Lane, and that if the Queen would not accept it from the people, they would depute two Members of Parliament to present it, and that it should not be sent to Sir George Grey to burn in the fire. He then asked if the meeting wished the memorial to be presented to the Queen and not to Sir George Grey, and nearly all the persons present held up both hands. In conclusion, the speaker proposed a resolution which he said had been adopted at the Spon Lane meeting, declaring that "a full and free representation of the people was the only remedy for their grievances." This proposition, however, was not seconded. It was announced that another similar meeting is to be held next Sunday. A Mr. Hawkins said he had that morning addressed a meeting which was held at Kidderminster, and was attended by 5,000 persons. The inhabitants of that town were now wide-awake, and intended next week to hold a torchlight meeting. He recommended the imitation of their example. The meeting then quietly dispersed.

**THE HON. F. H. BERKELEY ON ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.**—At Bristol, a few days ago, the Hon. F. H. Berkeley, M.P., admitted that reform was wanted in the army, but ridiculed the cry of Administrative Reform. "It was very well in theory, but how is it to be carried out in practice? You must have reform in Parliament before you can have a reform of the Government, administrative or executive. How is all that to be done? You must weed the House of Commons. That will not be done until you increase the franchise, and protect the voter by the ballot."

**TESTIMONIAL TO GENERAL WINDHAM.**—A meeting of the subscribers to the fund for presenting the Gallant General Windham with a suitable testimonial of the high esteem in which the inhabitants of his native county, Norfolk, hold the unsurpassed bravery he exhibited during the assault of the Redan, took place last week at Norwich, the Earl of Leicester in the chair. It was stated that the total sum at present received amounted to £801 13s. 6d., that several subscriptions promised were not yet paid in, and that a wish had been expressed in some quarters that the list should not be closed at present. The Earl of Albemarle supported this view of the case, and moved a resolution to the effect that the period for receiving subscriptions be further extended for six weeks, and that a committee be appointed to consider and report upon the best mode of appropriating the fund raised. This was unanimously agreed to.

**THE "LINERICK CHRONICLE."** says a receipt has been received from Rome, addressed to the four Irish Roman Catholic Archbishops, requesting that an explanation should be obtained from Professor Crotty, of Maynooth College, of certain language employed by him in giving evidence before the Maynooth Commission, in which he is alleged to have spoken disrespectfully of the Holy See and of the statutes of the church.

**THE SALFORD, NOVEMBER FAIR,** popularly known as "Dirt Fair," commenced last Saturday, when there was a larger supply than usual of horses and cattle.

## THE SOUTHWARK ELECTION.

THE nomination for the borough of Southwark took place on Tuesday last in the Town Hall. Mr. C. Legg, in proposing Sir Charles Napier (of whom we gave a portrait and lengthened memoir in our last Number), compared the Gallant Admiral to an old horse, who, when he got warm, showed how well he was seasoned. There being no other candidate in the field, Sir Charles was declared duly elected. The Gallant Admiral then came forward to thank the electors. He said:—

"The writ instructed them to send to Parliament a 'discreet' man. He was afraid they had made a great mistake, for he had been designated an indolent man in high quarters; but he would endeavour to mend his ways. In reference to the share he had taken in the war, he said he had done the best he could. He had determined to take his fleet under the walls of Sweaborg or Cronstadt; every man would have given him three cheers, and have gone with him. But he knew the danger there would be, and he declined to destroy his fleet, without any hope of success. He had hoped that something would have been done in the Baltic this year, and some great achievements would doubtless have been accomplished, if the Admiral had had the proper means for carrying on operations placed at his disposal. Then as to the war in the Crimea, he was compelled to say that the work had been nobly done by English, French, and Sardinians, and the thanks and gratitude of the country were due to the respective armies. The navy had had little to do there; but that was not the fault of our gallant seamen, who would have done their duty had opportunities been afforded them. He very much regretted that so many officers were returning home on urgent private business, for he thought officers who had voluntarily gone out to serve their country, ought not to return for any reason except that of ill health. Those who had come home on account of other reasons should go back to the Crimea, and stick there till the war was over. He believed that the cheapest way of carrying on the war was to prosecute it with the utmost vigour, for if we got rid of it on any cheap terms, it would break out again before long with tenfold vigour. He was sorry to find that mere children were taken into the army, a circumstance he attributed to the fact, that sufficient inducements were not held out to our soldiers. He would have soldiers who distinguished themselves made associates of the Order of the Bath; and every man who achieved that distinction should have a pension of £25 a year. One army had been completely destroyed; and if we had a war with America, which God forbid, we should not have an army to defend Ireland. Referring to the political questions of the day, the Gallant Admiral said he was in favour of vote by ballot and an extension of the suffrage, without which the country would never hope to obtain any parliamentary or administrative reform worth having. He was glad to find that the Colonial Secretaryship, vacant by the death of their late Member, had been conferred upon Mr. Labouchere, who was a very worthy man, and would doubtless discharge its duties with great ability. He regretted that it had been offered to Mr. Sidney Herbert, who, if he had accepted office, would have brought a new disposition into the Ministry, which would have destroyed it. Peace with Russia, he was of opinion, should not be concluded until that nation paid the expenses of the war, and that was one reason why he did not wish to see any peace element in Lord Palmerston's Administration. He concluded by thanking Mr. Scovell for the handsome manner in which he had left the field open when he found there was no chance of success, thus saving both candidates from an enormous expense."

**TESTIMONIALS TO SIR CHARLES NAPIER.**—A public meeting of the inhabitants of Southwark was held on Monday last, at the Prince William Henry, in Bermondsey Street, "to take into consideration the propriety of forming committees in the borough of Southwark to carry out the object of a testimonial to Sir C. Napier. Some discussion took place relative to the proceedings of a central committee, said to be located at 3, Silver Street, Golden Square, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions for a national testimonial to Sir C. Napier. A deputation from the central committee were in attendance, who were told by the Chairman of Sir C. Napier's election committee, that some of the collecting books were in the hands of illiterate and improper persons. A strong feeling was expressed in favour of confining the operations of the present meeting to the borough of Southwark, and the following resolution was carried unanimously:—"That this meeting, while viewing the enthusiasm displayed in all parts of the borough of Southwark, at the success attending their exertions in behalf of the return of Sir C. Napier as a member to the House of Commons, propose that subscriptions be raised in the different parishes to defray the whole of the legal expenses incurred in Sir Charles's election; and that a committee be formed to carry out that object." A committee was accordingly formed, and the proceedings terminated.

**THE HYDE PARK MEETINGS.**—On Sunday last, some thousands of persons assembled in Hyde Park, on the green sward between the Serpentine and the Marble Arch; but they were chiefly respectable persons, who evinced no desire to break the peace. There were some few hundred boys and "roughs," who amused themselves by hissing the police and pelting each other with clods. At one period of the afternoon there appeared to be some danger that there would be a rush into Belgraveia. The attempt was made, but the police, with admirable dexterity, drew up in front of Albert Gate, and prevented the egress of the mob in that direction. The other gates were too far off for the would-be rioters, and the attempt to get into the streets was therefore effectually frustrated. There were 800 policemen, mounted and on foot, in the Parks, and there was a strong reserve outside, in case of need. The mounted police rode about the Park, and so kept the people moving. The assembly, generally, dispersed as soon as it became dark, and at five o'clock the mounted police thought it safe to retire, leaving a few men in the ranks to take care of the peace. Sir Charles Wood, M.P., the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Messey, M.P., the Under Secretary for the Home Department, were in the Park during a great portion of the afternoon.

**MEETING OF OMNIBUS PROPRIETORS.**—On Thursday (November 15) a preliminary meeting was held at the Hungerford Hotel, to consider statements published respecting a French company having arranged to buy up all the metropolitan omnibuses. The Chairman said it was true that Messrs. Wilson, Willing, and Macanara, three omnibus proprietors, had been negotiating in Paris; but they had not the consent of the body of London omnibus proprietors. It was said that the London omnibuses were to be bought for £300 a piece; but taking them on the whole, they were not worth £300 each. It was said that 800 London omnibuses were to be bought up, and that the new company would reduce the number to 300. Now, as there were three men to each omnibus, that would throw 900 men out of employ. After some observations from Mr. Stanbrook and other omnibus proprietors (in the course of which it was stated that the new company had not been registered in England), it was arranged that a formal reply should be drawn up to the misstatements complained of, and the meeting separated.

**PROPOSED PUBLIC LIBRARY AND MUSEUM AT ISLINGTON.**—On Friday, the 16th inst., a meeting of the ratepayers of St. Mary's, Islington, was convened by the churchwardens and overseers of the parish, in consequence of a requisition addressed to them, in order to determine whether the Act of Parliament 18th and 19th Victoria, cap. 70, intitled "An Act for the further Promoting the Establishment of Free Public Libraries and Museums in Municipal Towns, and for extending it to Towns governed under Local Improvement Acts, and to Parishes," should be adopted for the parish. A resolution was proposed and seconded advocating the views of the promoters of the meeting, but an amendment was, after considerable discussion, carried, to the effect, that at the present high rate of taxation it was inexpedient to further oppress the ratepayers by the increase of taxation necessarily involved in the carrying out of the proposed measure.

**A POLISH LEGION FOR THE WAR.**—At a meeting of Polish emigrants, on Saturday last, to commemorate the anniversary of the death of Lord Dufferin Stuart, General Count Zamoyski said:—"Gentlemen, the present day, which is marked for us by so sorrowful an anniversary, will also be ever remembered in Poland as the first of a new period in the history of our unwearied efforts for our country's sake. This very day, gentlemen, I have received the official communication by which I am authorised by the British Government to form a distinct body of Poles, to be called 'Division of Cossacks of the Sultan,' not to be part of the army of the Sultan, who was the first to call and organise us, but attached to the Turkish Contingent, under British military authority, and maintained by Great Britain. That division is to be, in the first instance, composed of two regiments of infantry, one battalion of rifles, and two regiments of cavalry."

**Mrs. JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT (NEE LIND).**—Mr. Mitchell has been authorised by Madame Goldschmidt to correct an erroneous statement lately circulated as to her intention of visiting London for the special purpose of giving a concert in aid of the proposed Nightingale Fund, and to state that, although Madame Goldschmidt had already proposed her assistance for the promotion of such a worthy object, she never expressed her intention of visiting England exclusively for that purpose.

**PRINCE ALBERT VISITING THE SCULPTORS.**—One day last week Prince Albert made a round of visits to the sculptors. Messrs. Bailey and McDowell are working at models of Fox and Pitt, for the New Palace; and it was the desire to see these works in progress that carried royalty to their respective studios. Mr. Bailey is at work on a poetical theme for the Prince—"A Circassian captive."



## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE Paris Exhibition is virtually closed, the awards have been announced, and the grumblers are in full cry. It was to be expected that the decrees of the unfortunate jurors would be cavilled at, but it was scarcely thought that so much general disappointment would be felt. The great subject of complaint is of course the award of the gold medal for painting to Sir Edwin Landseer; and yet, Sir, I have no doubt that the jury praised and rewarded what they could understand; they had seen dogs and horses (ay, and lions too, at the Jardin des Plantes, though they are very shy animals), and could appreciate Landseer's fidelity to his subject; but they knew little about Harold and Moses, and nothing at all of Britomart and Una. It was not a high-art verdict, certainly.

There appears to be some truth in the report of the burning of Bibles by the Redeptionist Fathers at Kingstown. It was at first supposed to be a canon invented in Dublin for the edification of the Irish correspondent of the "Morning Herald," who has a wonderful nose for a mare's nest, which qualification, indeed, it is supposed, procured him the berth. No anti-entire denial of the fact has, however, yet been made, the letter from the gentleman who rejoices in the name of "L. De Buggenoms," stating that, if any Bibles were burnt, it must have been "through mistake," and "contrary to his wishes," being very unsatisfactory. Lord Carleton must look into this on his return.

I have not hitherto written to you on the subject of the late melancholy occurrences at the Albion Hotel, Brighton, though having been in the place at the time I have naturally taken much interest in the case, and endeavoured to arrive at the bottom of the mystery; but I felt confident that the peculiar circumstances of the hurried inquest would be well ventilated through communications to the press, and I waited to see the result. I have read all the correspondence, and made minute inquiries from many persons concerned, and my original impression, harsh though it may appear, remains unchanged, viz., that the unfortunate Dr. Frank committed both murder and suicide. I believe, that being deeply attached to his son, the thought that he was about to lose him for a considerable time so preyed upon the wretched man's mind (a mind, be it recollected, of a most excitable tendency), that he became insane—during a fit of delirium strangled the sleeping boy, and, on recovering his senses, was so horrified at the act he had committed that he threw himself from the window. The evidence on the whole case has been most contradictory and unsatisfactory; but from all I can learn (and, as I before said, I have had many opportunities, of which I availed myself), the appearance of the son's body decidedly led to the conclusion that he had been strangled. The face was discoloured, the limbs drawn up; and the fact that the handkerchief was loosely twisted round the neck was denied by several. The proprietor of the hotel was anxious to have the matter passed over as quietly as possible; the coroner and jury entered into his views, the inquest was hurried through, and the real facts of this case will remain a mystery for ever. I merely record what I have gleaned about it.

While occasional shots are lazily exchanged between the north and south sides of Sebastopol; while the Russians are being defeated at Anankari, and preparing to raise the siege of Kars, our domestic affairs are not in a very satisfactory state. The price of provisions and of necessary household articles is enormously high, and should the winter be a severe one, I fear we shall hear of many disturbances in the provinces. Already the operatives of nearly a dozen of the largest factories in Manchester are out on strike, and it is feared the mischief is only just commencing. The Lewes prisoners have recently indulged in another outbreak, of a more serious character than the last, mobbed the Governor of the prison, and were not quelled until the arrival of the pensioners with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets. "It's not madness, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, speaking of Oliver Twist's disorderly conduct; "it's not madness, ma'am, it's meat!" and meat, I am firmly convinced it is, which impels these poor wretched fins to revolt. They are better treated, better fed, better clothed, and made more of than they ever were before, and they can't stand too much petting. They make rubbishy little wooden toys, which sell for large prices to their visitors, and which are also stuck up and duly labelled in the windows of the Brighton shops; and all the ladies who go from Brighton to see them (and they all go, young and old), so "poor-dear" and pity these miserable wretches, that instead of being intensely grateful, as they were at first, they begin to conceive themselves objects of commiseration.

It appears that the advocates of reform and progress in the matters of the City Corporation lose much ground in consequence of their not possessing an efficient "whipper-in." The fine old Common Councilmen, the "Deputies" and holders to and stickers by every ancient mal-practice, keep well together, and on occasion of emergency, such as the Free Libraries question, recently under discussion, whip up their supporters right and left, and obtain an easy victory. In the country the Free Library system is gaining ground, the town of Hertford, always kind in its reception of literature and science, having determined on the establishment of one. By the way, Marylebone Free Library, the first of the kind ever established in London, is well worth a visit. It is admirably conducted, and is the resort of many thousands of the working and shopkeeping classes during the year. Any of your readers who possess double sets of standard works, or books of reference, could not do better than contribute one to this Free Library, which is situated in Gloucester Place, New Road.

Earl Stanhope is announced to give a lecture this week at the Newly-opened Midland Institute, in Birmingham. Though having obtained no great literary fame, his writings, as Lord Mahon, were thought well of by the literary world, and we are sure at least that in his lecture he will speak sensibly and to the purpose,—unlike poor Sir Robert Peel, who prefaces the sing-song recitations of poetry connected by old anecdotes, which he calls a lecture, with a mixture of the truisms and balderdash which he calls "some observations on the war."

The Winter Exhibition is now open, and contains some good pictures, but the principal feature is the collection of engravings after Landseer.

The mania for "lineal descendants" is in full force, and the direct descendant of Admiral Blake's sister is the latest discovery. Unfortunately for the ingenious genealogist, the "Athenæum" has satisfactorily proved that Cromwell's old sea lion never had a sister!

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## THE LANCES OF LYNWOOD—SOME LITERARY GOSSIP.

If Messrs. Bradbury and Evans were to announce a new volume of poems by Mr. Charles Dickens, if Mr. Thackeray were to publish his sermons, or Mr. George Cruikshank a book of toasts and sentiments, or if Mr. Tennyson were to edit the Commercial Dictionary, or if you were to discharge me and engage that light and entertaining author, Dr. Cumming, to write the "Lounge"—if, I say, all these things were to happen, the world would say that there was something wrong, and that the right men were doing the wrong work.

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam," (since reading a recent novel, I am always quoting Latin); "Let the cobbler stick to his last," is a very good motto, and Miss Young should have stuck to her last—"The Brother's Wife"—because it was her best—better than her first, "The Heir of Redcliffe," which is saying a good deal. But being either seized with the *cacoethes scribendi*, or worried by her High Church friends, who are always mad about doing good to children, and blending amusements with instruction, &c., &c., she has entirely quitted the style in which she shone, and has produced "The Lances of Lynwood"—a tale of the time of Edward the Third, the principal portion of the matter of which is, as she very honestly tells us in the Preface, derived from Froissart's "Chronicles," and from the "Vie de Bertrand du Guesclin." Of course an authoress of Miss Young's power cannot write badly, and I dare say, had she chosen a more superficial subject, she might have made a very tolerable boy's book; but the style, a mixture of James and Ainsworth, made puerile (which by the way some may scarcely think necessary), is greatly against her. The book is full of "squarely made, dark-visaged men," people of "princely mien," "illustrious captives," "clerkly skill," and all the old bubble that any one can recollect since the days of the publication of "Ivanhoe." Moreover, there are descriptions of single combats and bloody battles in which women do not shine, and occasionally the

language of chivalry (that in which the book is written) is departed from, and the modern vernacular employed. Altogether, we are impressed by a feeling of regret, not only that Miss Young should have departed from her old style of writing, but that in venturing upon new ground she should not have relied upon her natural talents, and eschewed mediæval romance, in which, to some extent, she must be dependent on the chronicles of the period.

Great things are expected from "Little Dorrit"—I mean, great in point of circulation, and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans are going to press with 35,000—not a bad number, Sir, for a commencement! This firm has published a cheap edition of Mr. Forster's "Life of Goldsmith," a book well worth being popularised.

Mr. Bailey appears to have outdone himself by the publication of "The Mystic," and to be universally ridiculed and condemned. It will be well should he serve as an example to many young men who, fostered by the approbation of many old women and the "Critic" newspaper, follow largely in his steps. Major Bruce Hamley's "Story of the Campaign," which excited so much interest in "Blackwood," is now published as a volume by itself. I see the Gallant Major is one of those whose "urgent private affairs" have recalled them home.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

It is an old story now, that you must go to the extremities of the metropolis if you wish to see a representation of Shakespeare or any of the elder dramatists. At present the western and eastern suburbs rejoice over two of the most incongruous productions, the "Comedy of Errors" being played at Sadler's Wells, and a wonderful piece of bombast, called "Alexander the Great," by Nat. Lee (the author of the Bedlam tragedy and of the oft-quoted lines, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war"), being in full swing at the Standard. Of the former, it is only necessary to say that it is well put upon the stage, and that the two comic parts, the Dromios, which are essentially of the "screaming farce" nature, were very well acted by Mr. Fenton and Mr. Lewis Ball. In the "Alexander the Great" Mr. Anderson has an opportunity of displaying that power of lung which has constituted him a tragic actor.

No change has taken place in any of the metropolitan theatre bills, except at the Haymarket, where the "Provoked Husband" has been performed. The season has been very dull, and the houses very empty. Now about this time do the memories of Christmas gaiety begin to get into circulation, and I hear that, pantomimically, we are to be very strong.

I hear that Mr. Wizard Anderson, who has taken Covent Garden, has a pantomime, which in splendour of effects is to exceed anything that has yet been attempted. It should be funny, too, as the opening is being written by Mr. G. A. Sala, and the "comic business" by Messrs. Brough. The Drury Lane pantomime will be from the pen of Mr. E. L. Blanchard.

## THE CLOSING OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.—THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE Paris Exhibition was brought to an official close on Thursday, November 15th, with that due amount of ceremony appropriate to so distinguished an event. Precisely at noon, salvoes of artillery announced that the Imperial procession had quitted the Palace of the Tuileries. First came two squadrons of the Guides, preceded by their band, then the carriages of the Princess Mathilde and suite, Prince Napoleon and suite, the Emperor's Aides-de-Camp, the Aides-de-Camp of the Duke of Cambridge, the Ladies of Honour of the Empress, &c. Last of all, came the Emperor and Empress in the Imperial state carriage, with the Grand Marshal of the Palace and the Grand Mistress of the Empress's household.

About a quarter to one, the drums beating to arms announced the arrival of the Emperor and Empress at the building of the Exposition. They were received at the Grand entrance by Prince Napoleon, attended by the Imperial and Foreign Commissions. As the Emperor advanced to the platform on which the throne was raised, the vast assemblage received him with the loudest acclamations. The Emperor led the Empress to the throne, and both stood for some time acknowledging the salutations of the multitude. The Emperor wore the dress of a General of Division, with the cordon and star of the Legion of Honour. The Empress was richly attired, and wore a magnificent diadem of diamonds. She looked better than for some time past, though still pale, and chatted occasionally with the Duke of Cambridge, who, wearing a military uniform, with the grand cordon and star of the Legion of Honour, sat beside her. The moment their Majesties made their appearance, the vast orchestra overhead struck up the air, "Vive l'Empereur!" and the effect of the music from so many performers vocal and instrumental, was magnificent in the extreme.

The interior of the vast building presented a most picturesque and imposing aspect. The galleries which run round the central nave, were hung with crimson velvet, illuminated with gold fringe—the roof being occupied at intervals with chandeliers, contributed by exhibitors. Each column was decorated with an Imperial golden eagle; and over each compartment of the gallery the same emblem was placed, with flags on either side. The crystal arching of the building was crowded with the flags of all nations, the bright colours of which sparkled on the cold gray of the iron and glass of which the structure is composed. Below, the flooring was occupied with an amphitheatre of seats, circling round the crimson throne erected on the south side, and immediately facing the grand entrance. Here, on either side, and occupying the whole of the south aspect of the nave, were placed those pictures which have gained the prizes. The most conspicuous canvases were those of Ingres, Cornelius, Landseer, Leys, and Horace Vernet. The seats immediately below were reserved for the most distinguished guests; and before this raised platform were placed, at intervals, the statues selected for rewards. An open space intervened; and then came the various objects which had gained prizes, tastefully arranged and interspersed with flowers. These, as may be imagined, presented every variety—from machinery and furniture to a lump of sugar or a reel of cotton: all having obtained the Great Medal of Honour.

When the musical performance was concluded, Prince Napoleon advanced to the foot of the throne, and read the report of the Imperial Commission on the progress and close of the Exhibition, to which the Emperor replied as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—The Exhibition which is about to close offers a grand spectacle to the world. During a serious war, from all points of the universe the men most distinguished in sciences, arts, and industry, have flocked to Paris to exhibit their productions. That concourse, under such circumstances, is owing, I trust, to that general conviction that the war thus undertaken only menaced those who had provoked it, that it was prosecuted in the interest of all, and that Europe, so far from seeing in it a danger for the future, considers it rather as a pledge of independence and security. Nevertheless, at the sight of so many wonders exposed before our eyes, the first impression felt is a desire for peace. Peace alone, in fact, can develop still more those remarkable productions of human intelligence. You must accordingly all desire, as I do, the speedy conclusion of a durable peace. But in order to be durable, it must distinctly solve the question which caused the war to be undertaken. That it may be speedily concluded, Europe must declare itself, for, without the pressure of general opinion, struggles between great Powers threaten to be prolonged; whilst, on the contrary, if Europe once determines on declaring who is right and who is wrong, it will be a great step made towards the solution. At the present period of civilisation, the successes of armies, however brilliant they may be, are only temporary, and it is definitively public opinion that always gains the last victory. You, then, who all believe that the progress of the agriculture, industry, and commerce of one nation contributes to the welfare of all the others, and that the more mutual relations are multiplied the more national prejudices tend to disappear, let your fellow-citizens, on your return to your country, that France has no hatred for any nation, and that she sympathises with all those who wish, as she does, for the triumph of right and justice. Tell them that, if they desire peace, they must openly express wishes either for or against us; for, amid a grave European conflict, indifference is a bad calculation and silence an error. And for us, who are allied for the triumph of a great cause—let us manufacture arms without any abatement of our industry or labour—let us be great by the arts of peace as we are by those of war—let us be strong by our union, and place our confidence in God, that we may overcome the difficulties of the present and the chances of futurity."

As soon as the Emperor had concluded his reply, the Commissioners and others who had obtained recompenses were successively presented to his Majesty. Cases containing medals and crosses were placed on a table,

and, as each person approached, were handed to the Emperor, who delivered them himself to the recipients.

With reference to the picture by Winterhalter, of the Empress surrounded by her ladies of honour, which formed such an object of attraction to all visitors to the Fine Arts Exhibition, and which we engraved in our last number, we have a few additional particulars to lay before our readers. Although all the ladies surrounding the Empress are spoken of under the generic name of Ladies of Honour, the only one who really enjoys the title is the Duchess of Basano, wife of the Grand Chamberlain. The Princess d'Essling is the Grand Mistress of the Empress's Household, and as such holds the highest position at the Court. The other ladies are "Ladies of the Palace." It will be observed that the Grand Mistress of the Household and the Lady of Honour are on the right of the Empress, while the Ladies of the Palace are on the left—those being foremost in precedence who are nearest to the Empress. Thus, the Countess de Montebello is the first of the Ladies of the Palace, while the Marchionesses de Las Marismas and de Lautour-Maubourg are respectively the fifth and sixth. On what principle the order of precedence is arranged we are unable to say, but we are certain it cannot be decided by seniority, for, in that case, every lady would be endeavouring to make out her claim to be ranked last. Besides the Ladies of the Palace represented in Winterhalter's picture (for which, by-the-by, he is to be rewarded with a first-class medal), there are four others, who, we should think, cannot be altogether delighted at having been omitted. Perhaps, however, M. Winterhalter considered it unlucky to have thirteen figures in a picture; at all events, he would have found it difficult to represent them all together without crowding the canvas. With regard to the Ladies of the Palace who have been actually introduced to the public, we may mention that the Countess de Montebello is the wife of one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp. The Viscount Lezay-Marnésia is the Chamberlain of the Imperial Household, the Baron de Pierres Master of the Horse, and the Marquis de Latour-Maubourg Lieutenant of the Hunt—a department which appears to be well officered, for the First Huntsman is Count Ney, while the Grand Huntsman is no less a person than Marshal Magnan.

It must, of course, be always impossible to distribute rewards among a given number of artists without offending the majority. When prizes are given to only a few, all the non-recipients feel insulted; if prizes were given to all, the "reward" would cease to be one, and the entire body would feel aggrieved. The distribution of prizes by the Fine Arts Jury, in Paris, has, however, produced even more than the commotion which was naturally anticipated. In the first place, it is objected that the division of the painters into four classes was unnecessary—and insulting to all those who were not ranked in the first. It had been suggested that one kind of medal only should be given, and the system has certainly been found to work admirably in the army, where the military medal is given alike to the general and the private soldier.

It appears strange that the medals of the highest class should be called emphatically "medals of honour"—as if the medals of the second, third, and fourth classes (which, in order to gratify the vanity of the recipients, are called respectively first, second, and third) were something quite different.

Mr. Mulready, it appears, declined to have his name left upon the list of candidates, and M. Corot, the most popular landscape painter in France, would certainly have done well to imitate him, as he would then have avoided the indignity of being placed in the fourth class.

Kaulbach has only received a second medal, (that is to say, he is ranked in the third class) while Cornelius, the German Ingres, has a medal of honour. Certainly, Ingres, Delacroix, and Vernet, all deserved medals of honour, but it should be remembered that these three painters, actually formed part of the jury by whom the medals were awarded.

Camille Roqueplan was originally placed in the fourth class. Since then he has been placed in the second (nominally in the first), but as he has died, the tardy intelligence of the news will not be appreciated by him.

Courbet, the "realist" and the charlatan, but, at the same time, a painter of genius, is not even mentioned, although it is notorious that he has excited more praise and more blame than any other artist since 1851—which, to us, is a certain proof of remarkable talent and individuality.

Ary Scheffer, Delacroix, and Gloire, have not exhibited. On the other hand, the printers who exhibit the engravings from their works, have been "medalled," as the French say.

It was expected that Guerin would exhibit some of his exquisite water-colour paintings. Had he done so, we should probably have found him ranked with the idle boys in the fourth class—three grades below that good, but slightly senile boy, M. Ingres!

On Saturday evening the City of Paris gave a sumptuous banquet at the Hotel de Ville, to the Prince Napoleon, the members of the Imperial Commission, and many of the distinguished foreigners who had been attracted to Paris by the splendour of the recent Exhibition. Invitations were also sent to all those persons who had obtained medals of honour; and the hospitalities of the City of Paris were thus dispensed to those who had obtained patents of nobility by their own exertions in the domain of art and science. The banquet was given in the famous *Salle des Caryatides*, and was on a scale of splendour worthy of the occasion, and the great city which acted as Amphitryon. During the dessert, Prince Napoleon, in proposing as a toast, "the City of Paris," eloquently said:—

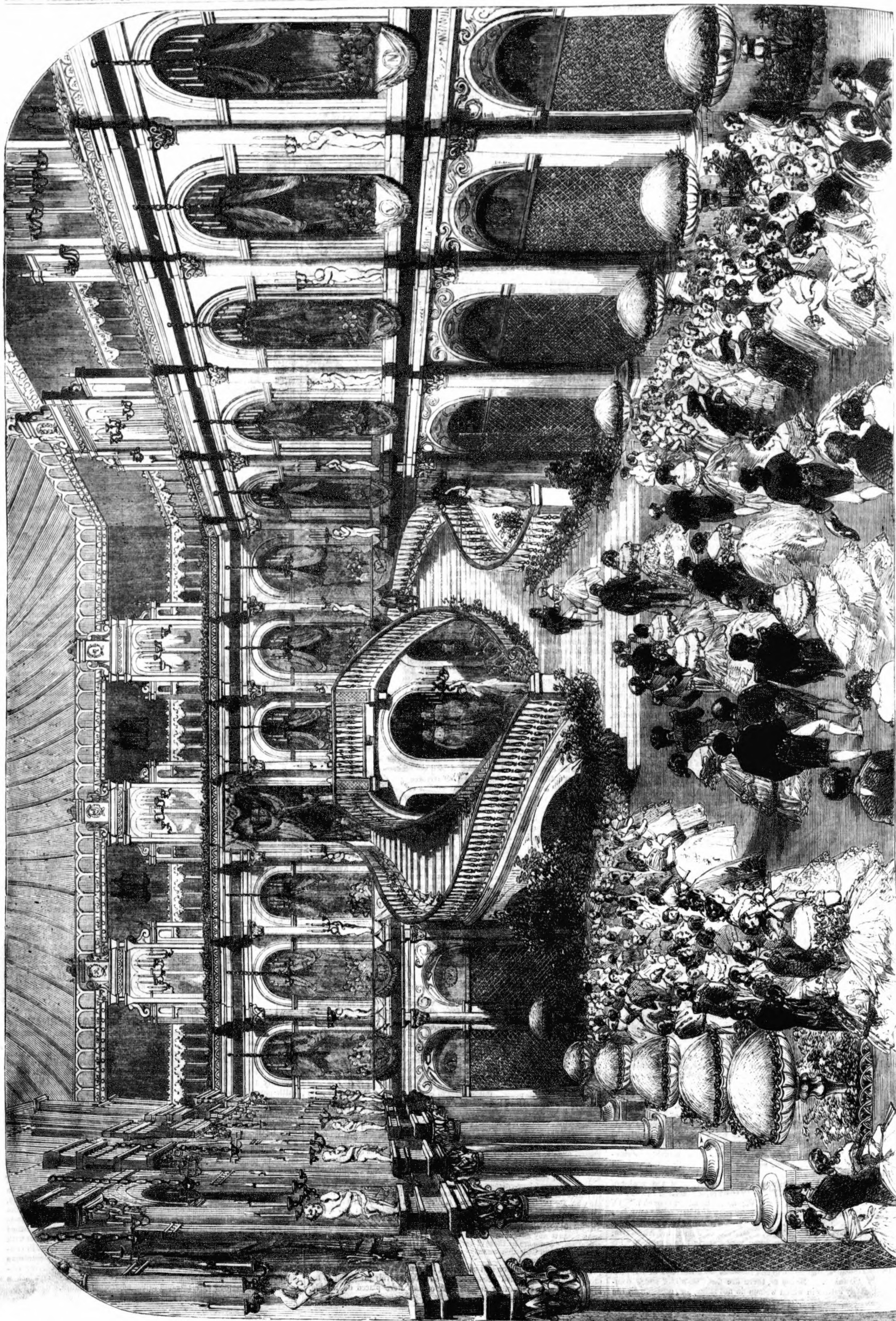
"It is a high honour for me to have directed the Universal Exhibition of 1855, and thus to have fulfilled the mission confided to me by the Emperor. The relations which I have formed with the exhibitors, the jury, and the foreign commissioners, will ever remain engraven in my heart, and I shall think myself well rewarded if they, in return, feel for me as I do towards them; and if all who have competed at the Exhibition retain some remembrance of the part that I have taken in the groundwork. The City of Paris has received its foreign visitors with a noble hospitality. One of the glories of the Government of Napoleon III. is to have rendered our capital worthy of its guests. I always feel a deep emotion when I find myself in this Hotel de Ville—this magnificent, this imposing palace of citizens, associated with so many recollections. I propose the City of Paris—the heart of France, and one of the centres of the intellectual world."

After the dinner was concluded, there was a grand concert in the drawing-rooms, where the guests joined an assemblage of ladies whose absence at the banquet had been regretted. The elegant toilets of the Parisian belles on their passage through the Court-yard of the Hotel—which was fitted up with special decorations, according to the usual magnificent style for which the Parisian municipal fêtes are distinguished—attracted the attention of the crowds of lookers-on who were so fortunate as to obtain favourable positions.

## BOAR HUNT IN AFRICA, BY HORACE VERNET.

MOST of our readers are, we dare say, aware that Horace Vernet, the distinguished French painter, has, throughout a tolerably long life, employed his facile pencil chiefly on subjects connected with the glorification of the valiant deeds of the French army. With Louis Philippe and the Orleans Princes he was an especial favourite; and to the French King's liberality the world is indebted for Vernet's *chef d'œuvre*, the famous battle-piece known as "La Smala"—a surface of more than a thousand square feet, painted with ready imitative skill,—an immense and mingled crowd of men and beasts, in violent commotion, surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of war, that astonishes and amazes us by turns with its life-like representations. This gigantic picture is merely a single result of Horace Vernet's visit to Africa, in the wake of the French army. Independently of the production of numerous battle-pieces, this favourite painter of French military scenes, yet found time to depict some of the more varied incidents of military life in Algeria. One of the most picturesque and spirited of these is the celebrated "Boar Hunt," of which an engraving, made with the painter's permission, will be found in another page. Wild boars, it seems, abound in certain parts of Algeria, and a recent traveller relates an account of one which, being disturbed from his lair by a body of cavalry, charged right through them, upsetting like horses and riders, and, in spite of a volley of bullets fired at him, escaped unscathed into a neighbouring thicket. Boar hunting is a favourite amusement with the French officers quartered in Algeria, and they pursue the sport in conjunction with the chiefs of friendly tribes who, and in their picturesque "burnoose" with its spacious hood, will be recognised as rendering efficient service in the desperate encounter with the boars of Kalyie, which is so vividly represented by M. Vernet in his admirable picture.





CLOSING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—FETE AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.





BOAR HUNT IN AFRICA.—(FROM A PAINTING BY HENRY TERRY.)



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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1855.

### PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

THE British public is remarkable for only attending to one thing at a time. People will listen to nothing but the war. In France they have been all this while continuing a magnificent Exposition, and amending the architectural state of Paris. We, on the contrary, are entirely wrapped up in the Crimean question—which must surely be a great consolation to the Russians, who see us neglecting internal improvements, and making no provision but for the day immediately before us. Here, we have had a Free Library movement brought to the vote in our parishes, and yet rejected by two such important ones as the City, and Islington, right out of hand. "No more taxes," bawls somebody, though the tax which he fears would scarcely exceed a farthing in the pound.

For our own parts we very heartily regret this discouragement of Public Libraries, and invite our readers to consider the question along with us. The Act of Mr. EWART about them was a kind of attempt to make up for the want of education measures,—a little effort to amend the national ignorance in the absence of something great and comprehensive. As, apparently, the English people will not agree on any education measure of a national character, Mr. EWART's notion was to assist any voluntary struggle for knowledge which might spring up in the bosom of the working-classes. The notion was to levy a small parochial rate for the maintenance of a library open to every corner, and thus to assist the poor in their self-cultivation. The expense would fall on the householders of each parish,—those whose property marks them out as the persons best able to meet the various local expenses. But, of course, as men regulate their expenditure, or their charges, if traders, by the amount of their taxation, such an expense would indirectly be borne in common by the whole community. The ratepayers, then, had to decide for the whole,—whether they should enjoy the advantage of such institutions or not.

Now, the advantage would be most sensibly felt by the great body of artisans, or labouring men generally. It is this class of men, rather than shopkeepers, who are anxious for knowledge or curious in speculation. The shopkeeper, who is a capitalist in his degree, is not anxious about mere knowledge which he does not think will benefit his shop; whereas the workman, whose cares are simpler, (who does his work and draws his wages without the capitalist ideas of the other), takes to knowledge more naturally, besides considering it—very justly—as a means of raising himself in the social scale. Such a man needs books. Such a man can do nothing better than read in his leisure hours. It is a very pleasant amusement. It keeps a man out of mischief. It insensibly refines and develops him. If he has superior brains, his access to books will determine, altogether, his worldly chances, now. BURNS, COBBETT, FRANKLIN, were all very poor men—and uneducated men—but if they had had no books at all, what could they have done? We are ashamed to have to urge such considerations; but really it would seem as if everything had to be done over again in this country,—so absurdly do people fly in the face of the opinions and arguments of the greatest minds of the age,—thinkers like CARLYLE, and statesmen like BROUGHAM.

We must indulge ourselves, and serve the cause of the people by exposing the pretences which have led to this disgrace.

The "no more taxes," cry is absurd. The proposed tax is a fleabite—a drop—a trifle of trifles. If the war could not stand it; the war might as well be given up. But the war is only used as an artificial pretence. People are everywhere making the war a scapegoat, employing it as an excuse for neglecting their creditors—or their friends—or their hospitality. The same man, however, who grudges sixpence additional to his rate for a library, will be found to be as indulgent to his belly as he was in peace time. This is mere greedy twaddle—the babble of one who conceals his indifference to knowledge under the mask of anti-Russian patriotism. Why do we call Russia "barbarous," but because she is behind us in the diffusion of science and literature? Do you want to go on fighting her till you are down to her level? For this, let us tell you, is the logical result of grudging a little money for books because you happen to be at war.

We should like to know how an opposition to public libraries reconciles itself with a desire for political reform. How comes FODGER to oppose libraries in his parish, and yet to make such a hubbub about "the right man in the right place?" The right man is never an *ignoramus*, come when he will. He despises the *ignoramus*. You pull down statesmen—you, FODGER—who will not pay a farthing in the pound towards histories of England! Why, they laugh at you, man; they like to hear you bawling against libraries in the vestry-room. Suppose you were "sent for" to-morrow, to do anything in the State, you would be received with the inextinguishable laughter of mankind. We believe that these parochial senators are in reality jealous of spreading knowledge from a well-grounded consciousness of their own ignorance. Indeed, our parishes are generally so infamously managed, because these men are so infamously ignorant. It is consistent that they should wish to keep up the darkness in which they flourish and bloom.

Sometimes, their opposition attempts a show of reasoning; and they tell us that if you establish libraries, people will only read novels. To which we reply that we sincerely hope they will read novels; precisely as the first education of the child is through the medium of sport. We heartily wish that the masses would read Sir WALTER SCOTT some ten times as much as they do. There they will see the history of Europe in its human reality, and feel its significance more vividly than in many a heavy treatise. But we deny that people would stop with novels. They lead on—they suggest—other and wider studies. FRANKLIN discovered great principles by means of a kite. Mankind is educated as much through its

imagination, its curiosity, and its wonder, as through its soberest reasoning faculties.

But everything now is measured by the utilitarian standard. We see, by a very able pamphlet, from Professor BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, that the Scotch are doing their best to ruin the intellectual fame of their country by a determined neglect of their universities and schools. And there, as here, this goes on in the name of voluntary effort, free trade, and so forth, as if principles sound in trade were sound in everything else, and as if the best thing you could do with the intellectual aspirations of a people was to leave them alone. Why, it is by leaving alone that what we call in war matters "the system" has formed its beautiful self; but it is vain to expect consistency where there is not common sense. The same man who will do nothing for popular culture is ready to agitate for popular power in politics,—as if any other thing could benefit a people than just that internal improvement which alone benefits an individual.

We trust to find that many parishes will avoid the bad example of the City and of Islington. We did think of bringing before the public, for the exercise of the *flagellum*, some of the "children of night" who distinguished themselves there, by name. But it would not be worth while to increase the notoriety of these opaque little traders. They are not worth their (Attic) salt!

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE ADMIRALTY have extended the age for first admission into the navy from fourteen to fifteen years.

VICTOR HUGO is shortly expected at Madrid, where a house has already been taken for him, and it is said that a Spanish poet has undertaken to translate a play just composed by the exile, the scene of which is laid in Spain.

SIR JOHN JERVIS, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, is so seriously indisposed as to prevent his attention to his judicial duties.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS, according to rumour, has some intention of visiting Paris.

MR. VAUGHAN, who has recently figured before the Lambeth Police Court, is said to have made an attempt to exchange the incumbency of St. Matthew's, Brixton, for a living in the country, but his diocesan, the Bishop of Winchester, withheld his consent.

THE DIRECTORS of the Northumberland and Durham District Bank have, it is stated, ordered all their employees who adorned their face with a moustache, to shave or resign.

MR. ROEBUCK, M.P., has written a letter, expressing his readiness to accept the post of President of a Committee appointed to raise a monument to the late Joseph Hume.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that the Czar has dismissed Prince Menschikoff from his office as Chief of the Staff and of the Imperial Convoys, and has named General Count Adlerberg II. as his successor.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE will reach Marseilles on or about the 25th inst., and is expected in London before the close of the month.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND has directed the immediate prosecution of all the persons, whether lay or clerical, who, there may be fair grounds for thinking, were engaged in the late case of Bible-burning in Kingston.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD was presented, by Lord Cowley, to the Emperor and Empress of the French, on the evening of Saturday last.

THE TWO YOUNG RUSSIAN OFFICERS who lately escaped from the war prison at Lewes have reached the neutral territory of Hamburg, and are now on their way to Russia.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND amounted, on the 16th of November, to £1,296,282 4s. 7d.; the numbers in receipt of relief were—widows, 2,544; children, 3,119; orphans who have lost both parents, 97; and the expenditure at present is estimated at £65,000 annually.

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS AND HER SONS returned to Eisenach, on the 13th, and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier embarked on the same day, at Genoa, for Spain.

ABOUT FORTY VACANCIES in the medical establishment of the East India Company are to be filled up at the examination appointed to be held next Jan.

THE KING OF SARDINIA has been invited by the municipality of Paris to a ball at the Hotel de Ville, which he has accepted.

THE GERMANIC DIET, at its sitting of the 15th, adopted a vote of thanks to the British Government for permitting the free export of saltpetre necessary for the Federal fortresses.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, who has arrived in London, and surprised the members of the United Service Club by making his appearance among them on Saturday last, is to be presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow, of which he is a native.

MUSTAPHA BEY, son of Ibrahim Pacha, had, by the last account, arrived in Cairo from his tour through Europe.

OMAR PACHA has effected a junction with the Circassians.

THE MARTELLO TOWER, off the Spit, Isle of Grain, erected by Messrs. Kirk and Parry, of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, is completed, and was on Saturday officially given up to the Ordnance authorities at Sheerness.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT has just ordered the construction of a railway, which is to commence at Saidie, a town recently built near the barrage, and, after a course of about three miles and a quarter, to join at Galioub the railway at Alexandria and Cairo.

GENERAL SIMPSON was, at the beginning of the week, reported to be on his way to Marseilles in the Telegraph steamer, and is daily expected to arrive in town.

PARLIAMENT will, according to rumour, be dissolved before Easter.

MAJOR-GENERAL DICKSON, who distinguished himself at Alma and Inkermann, has left London, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain Lyons, R.A., en route for Kertch, to take command of the artillery of the Anglo-Turkish Contingent.

THE NEW VICTORIA LONDON DOCKS will be opened for the reception of shipping on Monday next.

WHEN THE Czar was at Odessa, a Russian merchant having observed that the restoration of an honourable peace was all that was desired to complete the prosperity of the city, his Imperial Majesty is reported to have replied, "Who is there that does not desire such peace? I more than any one else."

THE FIRST BATTALION of the gendarmes of the Imperial Guard, about 800 strong, arrived at Paris on Sunday afternoon from the Crimea, and were greeted by the populace with loud acclamations.

THE RUSSIANS are said to have sent their heavy baggage from Kars to Alexandropol, which appears to indicate that the blockade of the former place will soon be raised.

OMAR PACHA has conferred the rank of Mashir on Schamyl, the celebrated Caucasian chief.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, it is said, will succeed Viscount Canning as Postmaster-General, his Grace retaining for the present, his office of Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal.

M. THIERS recently paid a visit to the Luxembourg to present, in person, the Twelfth Volume of the "History of the Consulate and the Empire" to the ex-King Jerome.

THE APARTMENT destined for the future offspring of the Empress is already prepared. It is close to the Emperor's cabinet.

MAJOR-GENERAL COLLINGWOOD DICKSON, R.A., who distinguished himself at Alma and Inkermann, has departed for Kertch, to take command of the artillery of the Anglo-Turkish Contingent.

SIR R. PEEL, one evening last week, delivered a lecture at the Public Hall, Leamington, with the following puerile and verbose title, "An Evening with the Poets, with recitals of beautiful and powerful passages; or a trip through Europe to the seat of war; with a pocket edition of Shakespeare and the poets."

ACCORDING TO A GREEK PROVERB, the most impracticable thing in the world is to milk a he-goat into a sieve.

IN A RECENT DECISION, the judge of the Exeter County Court held that persons in towns and villages had no right to keep animals which annoyed their neighbours.

THE PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE of the Nightingale Hospital Fund, have made arrangements to hold a public meeting at Wilks's Rooms, on the 29th inst., when a series of resolutions will be proposed, and a subscription entered into.

MR. C. B. BRODIE, B.A., son of Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., and pupil of Daniel and Liebig, has been elected Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, in room of Dr. Daubeny, retired.

IT IS REMOVED in Oxford circles that there is a probability of the youthful Prince of Wales becoming a member of that University. We don't believe the report.

# CAN A CLERGYMAN OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH MARRY HIMSELF?

THE curious case of *Beamish v. Beamish* as argued before the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, last term, came before the Court for decision on the 16th. The peculiarity of the case is that it turned on the question whether a clergyman of the Established Church can validly perform the marriage ceremony for himself. The facts of the case are as follow:—

The late Dr. John Samuel Beamish, of Cork, died on the 16th of December 1852, being then seized of the lands of Edencurry, and other lands in the county of Cork, forming altogether a considerable estate. His eldest son was the Rev. John Samuel Swayne Beamish, a clergyman of the Established Church. His second son was Mr. Benjamin Swayne Beamish, the defendant in the present case. In November, 1831, the Rev. John S. S. Beamish, then the heir-at-law of his father, went to the house of a woman named Anne Lewis, in the city of Cork, and there performed a ceremony of marriage between himself and a lady named Isabella Frazer. The special verdict stated that the marriage was a valid one, and that the ceremony was performed in the Book of Common Prayer, the Rev. J. S. S. Beamish declaring that he took Isabella Frazer to be his wife, the Rev. J. S. S. Beamish declaring that she took the Rev. J. S. S. Beamish to be her husband, he then placing the ring on her finger, and concluding by pronouncing a blessing according to the form appointed in the Book of Common Prayer. No person was present at the celebration of the marriage save the contracting parties, but the ceremony was witnessed from a yard adjoining the room in which it took place by a woman named Catherine Coffey, who, however, did not hear what passed on the occasion. Both the contracting parties were members of the Established Church. The marriage was afterwards consummated, and the issue of it was Henry Albert Beamish (the plaintiff), who was born in 1841, and consequently is a minor. The Rev. J. S. S. Beamish having died intestate on the 8th of April, 1844, his property was claimed by his brother, Benjamin S. Beamish, as heir-at-law, who alleged that the plaintiff was illegitimate, inasmuch as the marriage of his brother with Isabella Frazer was invalid according to the canon law of the Established Church.

Judge Crampton delivered the unanimous decision of the court. He said—

"The marriage under the consideration of the Court was a valid, notwithstanding it was a clandestine and irregular marriage. The law, as and down in the Queen v. Miles, was that a marriage per verba de presenti was an indissoluble contract between the parties, according to either of them, on application to the court spiritual, the power of compelling the solemnisation of an actual marriage, but that such a marriage never constituted a full and complete marriage, unless it was made in the presence of and with the intervention of a clergyman in holy, that was episcopal orders. In the present case, there was the intervention of a clergyman in holy orders; and although the form of ceremony, as in the Book of Common Prayer, had to be strained as regarded the responses, the celebrant being the bridegroom himself, and there was no witness present, still that did not render the marriage invalid, although it certainly was irregular and clandestine. An appeal has been made to the Court that it might not, for public policy, to countenance the doctrine that a clergyman could solemnise a marriage between himself and a woman. Now that appeal was not for the consideration of the Court, who had to determine only the law; it was for another tribunal to decide whether that practice would not lead to great evils to society. The judgment of the Court was for establishing the legitimacy of the plaintiff."

### THE SUGAR SPECULATION.

THE rise in the price of sugar—fully 40 per cent.—during the last week, has been caused by extensive operations entered into by three or four speculators in the City. These individuals, one of whom is a large shipowner, arranged to go into the market and purchase at "one slap," as the phrase runs, all the sugar in bond, with as much as they could obtain of the same aloft, or on its way to this country. This enormous operation—or rather this conspiracy, for the law denounces forestalling and regating, and provides a penalty for their practice—took all the grocers and dealers in sugar completely aback, and they were compelled to purchase at the price fixed on the article by the speculators. Hence the increase on the cost of that article—an increase which amounts to a practical prohibition in the case of the poorer classes.

It is stated that each of the operators in question cleared over £100,000 by his morning's work, and that several of the small fry of speculators, who always follow in the wake of the larger, have realised considerable sums by forcing the market for sugar still higher.

### AUSTRIAN OUTRAGE ON AN OFFICER IN THE BRITISH SERVICE AT BUCHAREST.

A HUNGARIAN, named Turr, received a commission some time ago in the Land Transport Corps, British service, and was charged by the Director-General of that service in the Crimea to proceed into Wallachia, to purchase horses and carriages for the use of the corps to which he was attached. For some months he had been employed on this duty, and on the evening of the 31st ult., he arrived at Bucharest, and on the following morning he was recognised by two Austrian officers, who, it appears, gave information against him as a deserter from the Austrian army in 1849, and at 2 p.m., on November 1, he was arrested in his room at his hotel by order of Count Coronini.

A strong guard, consisting of three officers and sixteen men, with fixed bayonets, marched down to the hotel. The main body halted in the gateway, and the officer making a sign to two men, they immediately entered Colonel Turr's room, and informed him that he was arrested as a deserter. He was ordered to strip off his British cavalry frock; this he refused; it was torn from his back, and an Austrian capote thrust upon him; and, in place of his gold-laced cap, they put on his head, in derision, a light blue cap, such as is worn by the common soldiers in the Hungarian regiments, telling him, "It was fit he should wear the same clothes as those in which he had deserted." He was then motioned into a carriage, and, being surrounded by bayonets, reluctantly obeyed; the officer in command taking the seat at his side, and a soldier mounting the box, the carriage proceeded at a slow pace under the escort of the guard to the prison, where he is now lying. Mr. Colquhoun, our Consul, lost no time in demanding his release formally in writing, but Count Coronini has vouchsafed no reply.

WORK AT THE ROYAL MINT.—The rapid and continuous outflow of gold coin from the Bank of England is producing its natural effect upon the Royal Mint, which is now engaged night and day, in replenishing them. Nearly half a million of sovereigns are struck of weekly at its eight coining-presses, and transferred to Threadneedle Street. The Queen's money makers are also required to produce 2,000 Crimean medals daily as instalments of the 200,000 ordered for the armies and fleets of the East.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE.—The Right Hon. H. Labouchere, who has just been appointed successor to Sir W. Molesworth in the Colonial Office, is well and favourably known in a political capacity. He entered Parliament in 1826, was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in 1832, Vice-President of the Board of Trade in 1835, Under-Secretary of the Colonies in 1839, President of the Board of Trade in 1839, Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1846, and President of the Board of Trade in 1847.

THE SONS OF THE CONQUEROR OF NAVARINO.—It is a curious fact that our Baltic fleet, now at Kiel, is (during the temporary absence of Admiral Dundas) under the orders of Captain Codrington, of the Royal George, brother of the Commander-in-Chief of the Crimea. Thus the sons of the English Admiral who destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino, are at this moment in command of two divisions of English forces engaged against Russia and for Turkey.

A KISS IN FEE.—A young German girl on being acquitted on a charge of larceny, in Philadelphia, manifested her joy and her gratitude in a remarkable manner. With tears of happiness bursting from her sparkling eyes, she embraced her counsel and imprinted upon his glowing cheek a kiss which resounded throughout the court-room, like the melody of sweet music. Her counsel, a young gentleman of fine personal appearance, received this acknowledgment of his valuable services from his fair client as a perfectly legal tender.

INSANITY OF GENERAL MOURAVIEFF.—The "Presse d'Orient" states that General Mouravieff, overcome by his defeat before Kars, has been pronounced insane, and, as the consequence of a council of generals, Prince Bchotlov was summoned from Tiflis to assume the command.

LONDON OMNIBUSES.—Many of these vehicles have the following placard posted on them:—"Caution.—The public are respectfully informed that it is not true that the proprietors have sold the London omnibus to a foreign company. If they had done so it would have been a national disgrace." We think that the national disgrace lies in the fact of the London public being obliged to ride in the filthy, ill-ventilated, inconvenient vehicles, that the bulk of the metropolitan omnibuses are. No other city in the world tolerates such vehicles, as our dirty omnibuses and dirtier cabs.



## Literature.

*Men and Women.* By ROBERT BROWNING. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly.

Why, in the name of wonder, cannot our modern poets "stop at home and mind their business?" Their legitimate home, we take to be England in the nineteenth century; their business to write poetry of a nature for Englishmen in the nineteenth century, to care for and appreciate. But what do they do? They go "meandering" as Dickens's old woman has it, about Italy and the middle ages; and, of course, as it is the nature of poets to do, receive and write from such impressions as are formed by the scenes and studies they go through. They, or their friends for them, complain of a want of popularity. They would be popular enough if they wrote in the Italian language, and published their books in Florence; or if they would print their works in black letter, and distribute them among archaeological and learned societies generally. But they have no more right to expect comprehension and sympathy from a struggling and hapless British people, than a French or German poet has: simply because they treat of matters and speak a language that the people do not understand.

Of course, a man has a right to do what he likes with his own—even with his own Pegasus. If Mr. and Mrs. Browning choose to put up their poetical chaise and pair in the Casa Guidi Villa, at Florence, feeding the interesting "team" on the chaff-cuttings of early Florentine literature, they are quite at liberty to do so. A poet may go to Italy, or to Jerusalem, if he finds that the natural or historical influences of either place will most suitably assist his muse, and nobody shall blame him. But he must take the price of his vagaries in unpopularity.

We have for some time past believed Robert Browning to be one of the poets of this age. We believe so yet, with the full consciousness that a general reader in a hundred knows more of him than his name. Mr. Browning's few admirers are indignant with the world for not better appreciating their idol. We admire him as much as any of them, but utterly repudiate the cry. It serves Mr. Browning right. He has now written sixteen volumes of, for the most part, excellent poetry, the whole of which, with the exception of a few dazzling minor pieces, must be utterly unintelligible except to minds approaching pretty nearly to Mr. Browning's own standard of cultivation. It may be said that Mr. Browning only writes for the select few. Be it so, by all means. But do not, in that case, charge with obtuseness and injustice an unfortunate public, whose only failing is, that it has no time to study the history of the Middle Ages, and is prevented by circumstances from residing habitually at Florence.

Mr. Browning, after some years' absence from this country (spent in Florence, of course—apparently in the exclusive society of Andrea del Sarto, Giotto, Fra Lorenzo, the House of Medici generally, and other persons equally interesting to the present century), has returned to England, bringing back with him two volumes of poetical studies, entitled "Men and Women," now under notice. That the characters indicated are men and women—living and breathing—we do not dispute; but, unfortunately, the men wear long-toed shoes and furred surcoats, and the women either walk about in broad-based hoods and farthingales, or ride on pillion and palfreys. They also speak, not English, but very choice Italian (we are speaking metaphorically, of course). There are only two exceptions to the rule. One of these is a man—Mr. Browning; the other a woman—Mrs. Browning, who have not been very long married, and whose billings and cooings form a considerable item in the collection,—we are bound to add, notwithstanding the egotism of the subject, by no means the least interesting part of it.

The last allusion, though meant parenthetically, bears really upon our main objection. A lyric poet must be an egotist. He can only write from his inward emotions and experiences. Every line Byron wrote was about himself, and we were never tired of hearing of him. His joys, his doubts, his failings, his affections, were all made public property, and the public welcomed the gift. But Byron wrote for the public, and was always intelligible. Mr. Browning writes for Mrs. Browning, and is no doubt intelligible to Mrs. Browning; but he is not always so to the public. There cannot be a more legitimate subject for a poet's efforts than the love of a young wife, who has the additional attraction of being an admired poetess. We would gladly hear all that Mr. Browning has to say on the subject, if he would say it to us. He is too great a writer not to be able to make himself understood if he chose. But the curse of modern poetry is the ostentatiousness of which we have already complained. Poets write for themselves, or a small circle of admirers. Nay, it would be fairer to say that they do not write at all. They simply think and feel, and jot down any jangling indications of their thoughts and feelings that may come uppermost, trusting to the discovery of a few cultivated and congenial spirits, capable of thinking and feeling exactly as they do themselves, for their comprehension.

We believe we have explained pretty correctly the puzzle (for such it is to many) of Mr. Browning's want of popularity. The present volume will in no degree add to his scanty possessions in that desired commodity. Nevertheless, it contains some most exquisite poetry, in its way, as fine as anything in the language. But its way is a very bad way. The book contains abundance of "noble thoughts," that only "shape themselves into harmonious numbers" occasionally, and as it would seem by accident. To the bulk of readers, the volume would seem a mass of fog and hazy. We admit the fog, but there is no saner man breathing than Robert Browning. He is only a careless man of genius, vitiated by the habits of his age and order. He sets all rules of metre at defiance (except in the case of blank verse, for which he has a remarkable faculty); invents new ones that you cannot possibly read aloud to any music whatever; repeats himself incessantly; adopts the clumsiest images, and often destroys his thoughts, laboriously, for the sake of bringing in rhymes—on the household principle that "lazy people take a great deal of pains." Finally, he disfigures fine passages as in pure wantonness, by the most preposterous and far-fetched "Ingoldsby" rhymes; and the worst of it all is, you feel throughout that those glaring faults arise not from incompetency, but from the veriest recklessness—from a want of proper respect for the poet's vocation, or rather for his audience.

What does the reader say to the following passage (from "A Lover's Quarrel," Vol. I., p. 15.)

"What of a hasty word?  
Is the fleshly heart not stirr'd  
By a woman's pin prick?  
When its roots are quick?  
See the eye of a fly's foot blurred—  
Ear, when a straw is heard  
Scratch the brain's coat of hard!"

What do the last two lines mean? And is not the whole insufferably solemn and detestable? Would it not require a very hopeful disposition indeed to go on with the work after opening it at such a passage?

The seventh poem in the first volume is called a "Toccata of Galuppi's." Immediately preceding it is another (one of the best in the book, by the way) entitled "Fra Lippo Lippi." The latter turns out to be Lippino, the painter of the time of Cosmo di Medici. A "Toccata" is an old-fashioned piece of music, and "Galuppi" a forgotten composer. In order to read an English poet, it is necessary to be always furnished with Italian and biographical dictionaries.

Turn to page 120, in the same volume, and try and read aloud a poem (based on a charming thought), entitled "A Pretty Woman"—if you can. Take the first stanza—

"That fawn-skin dappled hair of hers,  
And the blue eye,  
Bright and dewy,  
And that infantine fresh air of hers."

"Blue eye" is supposed to rhyme to "dewy." You must therefore read "blewy" or "dew-eye"—either of which is intolerable.

Try two more passages (stanzas 4 and 6).

"And in turn we make you ours, we say—  
You and youth, too,  
Eyes and mouth, too,  
All the face composed of flowers, we say."

"But for loving, why, you would not, sweet,  
Though we prayed you,  
Paid you, brayed you  
In a mortar—for you could not, sweet."

Fancy—after the indecency of offering a young lady pecuniary remuneration for her affections—the cruelty of *braying her in a mortar*! It means nothing—it is purely for the sake of the rhyme! This is worse than the laziness of Thomson, who eat peaches from the tree with his hands in his pockets. It is swallowing them, slugs and all.

Take the following as specimens of the "Ingoldsby" atrocities we have alluded to—

"Is the creature too imperfect, say?  
Would you mend it,  
And so end it?  
Since not all addition perfects, ay!"

"Rosy rubies make its cup more rose,  
Precious metals  
Ape the petals.  
Last, some old king locks it up morose."

We have long had a rhythmical bone of this description to pick with Mr. Browning, for making, in one of his earliest and most beautiful poems (the "Flight of the Duchess") "*ins and outs*" (the accent on "*ins*"), rhyme with "*thin sand doubts*." But Mr. Browning was a young writer in those days, and, as such, claimed an impunity for numerous eccentricities to which he is no longer entitled. What excuse is there for a man of forty—a poet of nearly twenty years' standing—writing such stuff as the following—

"Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive—  
Four overbears them all, strident, and strepitant—  
Five—O Danaisdes, O sieve!"

"O sieve" is supposed to rhyme to *explosive*. The allusion to the Danaisdes is dragged in head and shoulders for the sake of this priceless gem of wit and melody. The only possible excuse for such apparent midsummer madness, is that Mr. Browning, during his long residence among the vines and picture galleries of Florence, has forgotten the sound of his own language.

We have somewhat ungraciously, as it would seem, devoted the greater bulk of the space allotted to us to exposing the faults of Mr. Browning's poems, without a word as to their beauties. We consider such a course the critic's first duty, especially when the faults are so prominent as to conceal the beauties. Had we a less high opinion of, and hopeful admiration for, Mr. Browning, we should have let him alone, or contented ourselves with selecting a few of his most presentable morsels for quotation. But it pains us to see a noble edifice disfigured by heaps of rubbish that absolutely prevent approach to it. We could occupy, however, far more space, and that far more pleasantly, in calling attention to the countless beauties of the work, than we have been compelled to devote to an indignant protest against its glaring improprieties. If Mr. Browning has allowed himself to fall into carelessness in the matter of workmanship, his intellect has, in the meantime, been acquiring force and expansion. He writes more like a man who has gone through the difficult process of "making up his mind," than when he wrote "Parnassus" and "Pippa Passes," certainly than when he wrote "Stratford" and "Sordello." As a collection of poems, the present is inferior to the author's first publication, from the blameable slovenliness we have so severely commented on, which has, in almost every case, prevented satisfactory development of the original idea. There is nothing in the book so great as "Pippa Passes," or so exquisitely beautiful as "The Flight of the Duchess," and we look in vain for anything so tersely dramatic and breathlessly exciting as the "Ride from Ghent to Aix," it is true that we might look equally in vain for a parallel to that remarkable poem in the works of any other writer, still it is as certain as anything we have stated that no other living writer could have produced "Men and Women." The fundamental excellences make its defects of surface all the more intolerable. "Fra Lippo Lippi"—one of those "dramatic lyrics" (the term is the author's own happy invention) in which Mr. Browning most excels—is an admirable study of history and character. Here is an extract from it describing the education of a self-taught artist—

"But, mind you, when a boy starves in the street  
Eight years together, as my fortune was,  
Watching folks' faces, to know who will fling  
The bit of half-striped grape-bunch he desires,  
And who will curse and kick him for his pains."

How say I? Nay, which dog bites, which lets drop  
His bone from the heap of offal in the street!  
The soul and sense of him grow sharp alike;  
He learns the look of things, and none the less  
For admonitions from the hunger pinch."

It is difficult to believe that the above fine lines, worthy of the best Elizabethan authors, can have been written by the author of the tuneless doggerel previously quoted.

After so much unavoidable censure, it is pleasant to quote a gem of tenderness and crowded thought like the following:—

## A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

"Let's contend no more, Love,  
Shrive nor weep—  
All be as before, Love,  
—Only sleep!"

"What so wild as words are?  
I and thou  
In debate, as birds are,  
Hawk on bough!"

"See the creature stalking  
While we speak—  
Hush and hush the talking,  
Check on check!"

"What so false as truth is,  
False to thee?  
Where the serpent's tooth is,  
Shun the tree—"

"Where the apple reddens  
Never pry—  
Lest we lose our Edens,  
Eve and I!"

"Be a god and hold me  
With a charm—  
Be a man and hold me  
With thine arm!"

"Teach me, only teach, Love!  
As I ought  
I will speak thy speech, Love,  
Think thy thought—"

"Meet, if thou require it,  
Both demands,  
Laying flesh and spirit  
In thy hands!"

"That shall be to-morrow,  
Not to-night:  
I must bury sorrow  
Out of sight"

"—Must a little weep, Love,  
—Foolish me!  
And so fall asleep, Love,  
Loved by thee!"

Is not the above condemnation out of the poet's own mouth—as showing what he can do when he takes pains?

Mr. Browning has not visited Italy for nothing. The following apostrophe to his favourite country (a false rhyme in it, by the way) could make us forgive much unnecessary devotion to the Florentine interests.

"I follow wherever I am led,  
Knowing so well the leader's hand—  
Oh, woman country—wood, not weed—  
Loved all the more by earth's male lands  
Laid to their hearts instead!"

"Up at a villa down in the city" is a life-like bit of description, conveying some thoughtful satire. "Evelyn Hope" is the most perfect lyric of the collection, viewed in all its proportions. It is much the same idea of love after death as had been previously treated by Edgar Poe, in "Annabel Lee." We regret that want of space prevents our quoting it.

"In a Balcony" is a short dramatic fragment, in which we are not at all surprised to find—for Mr. Browning is essentially a dramatist—the condensed materials of a complete tragedy, and a very good one. Here is a specimen of the language;—the speaker is an old Queen who is led to believe she has inspired a young man with love.

"See, I am old—look here, you happy girl,  
I will not play the fool, deceive myself;  
'Tis all gone—put your cheek beside my cheek—  
Ah! what a contrast does the moon behold!  
But then I set my life upon one chance,  
The last chance and the best. Am I not left,  
My soul, myself? All women love great men,  
If young or old—it is in all the tales—"

Young beauties love old poets who can love—  
Why should he be the poems in my soul,  
The love, the passionate faith, the sacrifice,  
The constancy? I throw them at his feet,  
Who cares to see the fountain's very shape,  
And whether it be a Triton's or a Nymph's  
That pours the foam, makes rainbows all around?  
You could not praise, indeed, the empty couch;  
But I'll pour floods of love and hide myself."

We must content ourselves with one more quotation, from "Child Roland to the Dark Tower came"—a Hood-like landscape of desolation.

"If there pushed any ragged thistle stalk,  
Above its mates, the head was chopped—the bents  
Were jealous else. What made those holes and rents  
In the dock's harsh swarth?—bruised as to bruise  
Al! hope of greenness? 'Tis a brute must walk  
Pasturing their lives out, with a brute's intents."

"As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair  
In leprosy—their dry blades pricked the mud,  
Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.  
One stiff blind horse, his very bones astare,  
Stood stupid how ever he came there—  
Thrust out past service from the devil's stud!"

"Alive? he might be dead for all I know,  
With that red gaunt and collapsed neck astrain,  
And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane.  
Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe:  
I never saw a brute I hated so—  
He must be wicked to deserve such pain."

And the mention of Hood suggests a lesson to Mr. Browning, with which we will conclude our notice.

Perhaps the two most popular poets of our time, and the two who will be most popular with posterity, are Hood and Longfellow. Mr. Browning possesses a grasp of poetic and a degree of poetic insight infinitely greater than either of those exquisite writers. But they have both been—what Mr. Browning has not—hard-working authors—literary men, in fact, mixing with, and working for, their fellow human sufferers—fighting the battle of life and letters manfully. They served their apprenticeship. The result was, that each, in time, learnt to do full justice to such faculties as he possessed. To use a common-life metaphor (which will disgust some of Mr. Browning's distinguished admirers a little), "work turned out" by them was complete. They were of and for their time, and knew too well the importance of their calling to slur its duties over. There is no obscurity in their writings. Whatever they had worth saying, they knew it was their duty to say well and clearly. Mr. Browning's admirers will, no doubt, be scandalised at our placing their great poet in the same category with two writers who appeal to an audience of millions with throbbing hearts, instead of hundreds with cambric shirt-fronts and college degrees. Mr. Browning himself, we are convinced, will feel differently. If he is the true poet at heart we take him for, he cannot look upon the exquisite symmetry and laborious perfection (the labour only apparent to the practised eye of a poet) of "The Bridge of Sighs" or "Evelyn Hope," without a feeling of shame at his own negligence of great gifts. Mr. Browning knows as well as we do, that he has never written a poem so perfect as either of the two we have cited—both by poets inferior to himself. Slovenliness in painting is no longer tolerated. Were Sir Joshua Reynolds living, he would not be allowed to content us with mere handsome faces, looking through cloudy draperies, with green dabs of a pound brush behind to indicate trees. A painting to charm—and (let us not blink the fact, for it is a necessity of the age)—to sell, must be finished; not merely blurred and indicated. Is it not creditable that poets should be behind painters in recognising the tendency of the age—and that the most practical teaching should fail to reform them? Why do people crowd, weep, laugh, and wonder round the canvases of Hunt and Millais; and neglect, (or at all events only buy, when it is the fashion) the books of Browning? Because the former pay them the homage of labouring at their works till complete and presentable, while the latter insults them with the loose sweepings of a common-place book in lieu of finished poems.

Mr. Browning is still a young man, and his mind is evidently of the slowly-developing order. Let him, by the love of humanity he evidently possesses, and the hope for honest fame he cannot be free from, abandon the applause of coteries, or the still more reprehensible indifference of egotism, and plant himself in a wider field. God has given him the power of song—to abuse which gift is a sin. He may not sing in an unknown tongue, or neglect one single string of his lyre. He is too good a man for this century to lose, and we have sufficient faith in his conscience and perceptions (putting any affection of the influence of our individual warnings out of the question), to believe that he will yet become a great poet, instead of what he is now—a mere suggester of great poems to other people.

GREAT FIRE IN PARIS.—At about half-past 7 o'clock, on the 18th, the inhabitants of central Paris were disturbed from the enjoyment of their dinner, cigar, or *demi-tasse*, as the case may be, by a lurid glare which lighted up the western horizon. Great excitement prevailed—it was rumoured the Hotel des Invalides was on fire, and crowds of people were soon flocking down the Boulevards and parallel streets, in the direction of the conflagration; but on reaching the river side it was found that the fire had broken out in a huge building called the "Manufacture des Vivres," on the Quai de Billy, at a short distance from the Fine Arts Exhibition and the *Pompe à feu*. The spectacle was one of extreme grandeur, thousands of people having assembled to witness the fire, and being, according to the invariable custom here, pressed into the "chaîne" to supply the fire-engines with water. Several broad-shouldered Englishmen, unaware of the manner in which they manage these things in France, imprudently passed the line of sentries drawn up to prevent the public from the volunteer workers, and were compelled to pass a few buckets, but were soon after released. A great number of troops were present, and the authorities were there *au grand complet*.

BERLIN GOSSIP.—The Prussian courtiers, from whom copies of private despatches from Russia have been clandestinely abstracted at Berlin, are M. Nieböhre and de Gerlach, aide-de-camp of the King. These two personages, admitted to the closest confidence of his Prussian Majesty, were naturally in the fullest intimacy with the Russian court. They were in the habit of receiving from M. Munster, military commissioner of Prussia at St. Petersburg, hints and outlines of the plans of the Russian generals; and it is surmised at the Prussian court that the recent warning of an attack sent by Lord Panmure to the Czar was of its origin, by some circuitous channel, to those indications.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the death of Lord Dudley Stuart, the 17th of November, was commemorated by the Polish refugees in London, by a meeting in Duke Street, St. James's, at which the announcement was made that the Poles intended entering the Sultan's Polish Legion without a bounty.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, who, in accordance with established usage, was entitled to a second year's term of office, was last week unanimously re-elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University.

THE KING OF SARDINIA will, according to report, honour the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London with a visit during his stay in the metropolis.

PRINCE LEO OF ARMENIA, who was recently arrested at Berlin, and whom the Police have not found sufficient evidence to detain, is now thought to be a political agent of Russia.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMER AFRICA brought gold from America to the amount of \$75,075 dollars, \$22,050 dollars of which were on French account, and transhipped for merchants at Havre.

SOME POLISH REFUGEES resident in Paris lately formed a project for bringing out a new journal in the French language, but Government has refused the authorisation which the present law requires, and the scheme is therefore abandoned.

THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT to the sick and wounded at the military hospitals at Chatham, which was to have taken place on Friday last, has been postponed for a few days, in consequence of there being a few slight cases of fever and erysipelas among the inmates at Fort Pitt.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall, commenced their season on Friday with Spohr's Last Judgment and Beethoven's Mass in C.

MR. WARREN, author of "Ten Thousand a Year," &c., will, on the 3rd of January, read a paper before the members of the Hull Mechanics' Institute, on "Labour—its rights, difficulties, dignity, and consolations."



## MASSY—A YOUNG HERO OF THE REDAN.

THE people cry out for education in the army, but the officers of the old school deride the popular demand. "We had little education," they say, "in the Peninsula, and we fought well. Bookworms are generally milk-sops. We want men of action, not of contemplation." It might be a sufficient answer to such reasoning to say that the whole tendency of things is since changed, that even the humbler classes have tastes infinitely more intellectual than their fathers of forty years ago, and that the private soldier, having now so usually the common rudiments of an education, it is necessary that the man set above him should also surpass him in knowledge.

But we take broader grounds, and are prepared to maintain and to prove, if time permitted, that some of the most notable men of action who ever lived were also men of the most highly polished and highly trained intellects. To-day we give but a single example in the student-hero about to be brought before the notice of our readers.

Twenty-four months have scarcely passed since a ruddy-faced, dark-eyed boy might be seen each morning wending his way through Harcourt Street, in Dublin, to the locally far-famed school of the Rev. Dr. Flynn. How pleasant was the smile when the good Doctor recognised the happy face and light elastic step of one of his best and most attentive pupils! What a change in a few months! Alas! the poor Doctor is gathered to his fathers, and the boy, active as an antelope, is but a cripple for the rest of his days! This boy was William Godfrey, now known to fame as Lieutenant William Godfrey Dunham Massy. He was born in Dublin in the year 1838. His name is that of a family long settled in the south of Ireland. It boasts its peerages, its baronetages, its landed magnates. But young Massy owed nothing to its influence or its wealth. His father was but an humble offshoot of the great stem. To his and to his mother's tender care and solicitude, the most docile and intelligent of children owed everything. His early training and teaching were at home. After a little, he was put to school with the Rev. Thomas Neligan Kearney. He attended his establishment during a few hours of each day, and by that most excellent man and successful teacher, had made plain to his juvenile comprehension the truths of revealed religion, and the elements of a classical and English education. English writing and English composition were most carefully attended to by Mr. Kearney; and some of young Massy's stories, written on a given theme, when eleven or twelve years old, are really strikingly good for his age. But the boy's education was not limited to the day-school. All through, he was attended by masters at home. The pianoforte soon became his recreation, and the touching songs of Scottish heroism were his great delight. Drawing, bookkeeping, &c., were not neglected. With all this study, time was also found for out-door amusements, the early foundation of health and happiness. A boys' cricket-club was in his neighbourhood, and he was an active member of it. Each summer's morning found him an early swimmer at Kingstown, or at the Northumberland Baths. But his favourite exercise of all was riding, and a nag, procured at Syce's was often made to give a smoking return for his hire. On one occasion, when on a visit with his cousin in the country, they placed him on a blind horse, as a joke. He rode him at a walled fence, which the horse of course chested, giving a fearful fall to the young rider. All pressed him to return home, but he insisted on mounting again, and rode the hunt to the last. When Mr. Kearney got the vicarage of Rathfarnham, he transferred his school to the Rev. Mr. Dundas, with whom Massy continued, with profit, for some time. Afterwards, for a year before he entered College, he attended, as we have already mentioned, Mr. Flynn's academy. There is an education besides that received at schools, and even besides that received from parents' lips in the home circle. It is that shaped from the class of books selected and fondly read by a child of intellect. We regret to say that young



THE YOUNG HERO OF THE REDAN, LIEUT. MASSY OF THE 19TH REGIMENT.

Massy's course of voluntary reading was not such as is most conducive to the training and storing of the mind. Mixed with a little history and poetry, magazines, romances and novels, were the approved food of his intellect. Scott's novels were his peculiarly favourites, and he had read over and over everyone of them while still very young. From the scenes of battle and chivalry therein so glowingly recited, is to be traced the lurking desire, ever uppermost with him, to be a soldier. Probably greatly to the same source may be traced his proud and daring conduct in the deadly breach. We know not how much our early desultory reading in after years influences our conduct! While thoughts of military glory and a future great name were probably glowing unnoticed in his breast, his parents had marked out the church for his coming profession. The boy, quiet, gentle, and fondly obedient, never objected. Indeed, his seriousness of character, his horror of falsehood, and his attention at church and at Sunday-school, where he latterly taught a class, marked him out seemingly

as one fitted to join in every humane work. This is certain—had there been no war, he would never have asked to be a soldier. He had entered the Dublin University early in 1854. Just then "the blast of war" was blown in our ears," and the boy became a soldier, as it were, for glory and distinction. In 1854, he explained to him that our cold and unromantic military service, unlike the wars of old, or, in youthful personal power of distinction, like the French or Russian, gave little opportunity of fame to individuals. "Give me—give me but a chance!" said the enthusiastic boy. He has had a chance—he has made a noble use of it; but how true has the poor youth fought in the cold shade of a routine! His friends applied to Lord Hardinge for a commission. They had no "interest," as it is called, and went entirely on some family claims, which, to his credit, Lord Hardinge most generously admitted. His name was put down for a commission, and in June he was ordered to attend the July examination at Sandhurst. To him who had recently matriculated in Trinity College, that did not offer a very formidable obstacle. He passed his examinations with ease in ancient and modern languages. In October, 1854, he was gazetted an ensign in the 19th Foot. Two of his name—Captain Godfrey Massy and Captain Hugh Massy—were already in the same regiment, serving in the Crimea. He had asked for a regiment serving in the Crimea. The Michaelmas examination at the University was now coming on. He had read for honours both in science and classics; but, being driven to the country by sickness in his family two months before, he gave up all hope of success. His military friends indeed laughed at him for putting himself in danger of "being snubbed by old fellows in College." Such sneers had little effect on him. He said, if it was in twenty years, he was determined, whenever he had an opportunity, to take his degree. Accordingly he went in and passed his examination, thus rising in the year of his entry to be a Senior Freshman. He afterwards returned again from the depot of his regiment to attend lectures for the January examination, thus showing the firmness and resolution of his character. He learned his drill in a very short space of time, but he pined for active service as he looked on the agitated sea from Walmer barracks. At last, he was ordered out with a draft to Malta. This order was sudden. He was to go in three days. But his intense love for his mother would not allow him to depart without saying farewell to her. He travelled for two nights, remained at home for a few hours, returned, and just caught the ship at Portsmouth, as it was about to leave. This was in February. In the same month, he obtained his lieutenantcy. His active mind, shortly after reaching Malta, was restless for employment. His attention and knowledge of business were quickly seen, and though about the youngest lieutenant in the garrison, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant of the Light Division Provisional Battalion. His excellent penmanship, and terse style of writing, here soon made him as useful in the orderly-room as his knowledge of drill did in the field. But still all this fell far short of his idea of soldiering. He volunteered more than once to go on to the Crimea. At last, his darling wish was gratified. He was allowed to go in command of a draft. He threw up his staff appointment, wrote home to his mother to excuse himself, and was off to the fight. He arrived in the Crimea, we believe, in June. His trench work commenced at once. He rather liked it. He seems from the first to have so subjugated his mind as to conquer all idea of fear. His narrow escapes have been described in the public press. One night, a round shot came over his head, within an inch or two. He only said, laughing, "How lucky I am! not fully grown. I was done for in that case." In a minute another shot whistled close to his face, "How fortunate," he again said, "that I have no whiskers—that would have taken one off, and I should be at the trouble of shaving the other to-morrow morning." But

## ЛЕЙБЪ-ГВАРДИИ КАВАЛЕРГАРДСКАГО ЕЯ ИМПЕРАТОРСКАГО ВЕЛИЧЕСТВА ПОЛКА.



STAFF OFFICER.

PRIVATE.

DRUMMER.

DRILL SERGEANT.

CAPTAIN.

THE CHEVALIER LIFE GUARDS.—THE REGIMENT OF HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.—(FROM A DRAWING MADE ESPECIALLY FOR THE EMPRESS.)



was on the evening of the 7th of September that his heart beat high. The storming parties and the supports were told off for next day's work. His cousin, Captain Hugh Massy, was the Captain of Grenadiers of the 19th Regiment, but about a month before he became so alarmingly ill that the surgeons forced him to return to England. Young Massy claimed the company, and got the command of it. He was delighted; commanding the leading company, in a leading regiment, in a leading division (the Light). On the 8th they moved down early to the trenches. About 12, the storming parties of the 10th and 97th led on. Soon the 19th and 88th were moved on to their support. The latter regiment has ever been a famous one; the 19th has as yet scarcely received its due meed of praise at the hands of the public. It is true its first laurels were gained in the Crimea; but they have become, in truth, a glorious wreath. At Alma, half the regiment were killed or wounded, including their Gallant Lieut.-Colonel, Sanders. There, when compelled to retire, they actually *called backwards*. At Inkermann, again, their senior Captain was killed. In the trenches, and everywhere, they nobly did their duty; while, in the affair of the 8th of September, though overpowered by numbers, their name will be as lasting as the name of "Redan Massy." The young hero has reflected his glory on them, as also on their brave old Colonel, Unett, who fell at their head. Young Massy, with the leading company, was about the first of the regiment to jump into the ditch of the Redan. He moved across and got on the parapet. The fire of the enemy meantime was strewing the ground with dead and wounded. The young hero moved out in front, and encouraged on his men. At last came the retreat; but this noble boy would not move while a man remained with him. Thus, singly, hundreds of shots were aimed at him. He appeared perfectly cool and fearless, and frequently looked round at the Russian batteries. At length, when about to move off, he was struck in the thigh with a rifle ball. It entered the upper part of the leg, coming out again at the knee, and breaking the bone *in situ*. There he lay: being the last, there was no one to take him off. But his spirit never quailed. Others crept towards the Russian guns, so that they might be taken prisoners; he remained where he was, although shot from both sides, friends and enemies, was tearing up the ground around him. As evening came on, our wounded, suffering from pain and thirst, sometimes cried aloud. Massy, it is stated, in a letter in the "Times," upbraided them for not showing the Russians that Englishmen could endure pain as well as fight. He never uttered a moan himself. The Russians, now that the firing was over, came out, first bayoneting, then plundering the wounded, heaps of whom, and of the dead, strewed the ground. Young Massy sometimes feigned death when he saw the bayonets glistening over him; sometimes, however, the pain of his wounds would not allow this. They took his haversack. A Russian officer also forcibly, and by opening his fingers, took his sword, which he still grasped, but no Russian used violence towards him, probably compassionating his youth, and admiring the extraordinary bravery which he showed in his bearing and in his looks. In the night the retreating Russians blew up their magazines; young Massy was literally buried in the rubbish caused by the explosion, and again very grievously wounded in the other leg. At dawn of morning, as some of our Highlanders were cautiously creeping into the deserted Redan, young Dunham Massy attracted their attention by grasping at their legs. They removed the rubbish, lifted him in their plaids, and took him to camp, where he was given up as dead. There the young hero still remains, and must continue for many weeks; but, under the care of one of the ablest surgeons and kindest men in the British army, Doctor Longmore, of the 19th Regiment, it is hoped his recovery will be effected. In a recent letter, Dr. Longmore thus writes—"I am happy to say he is doing well; his thigh has been saved, and in all probability there will not be much distortion. This is a most fortunate event, as from such an injury it is a very unusual and unlooked-for result." The same cheerful temper and unshaken fortitude, which have distinguished him all through, still continue under the grievous pain of his wounds.

We are ashamed to add that the generals abroad have not said one



THE LATE LORD TRURO.

word in their frigid despatches of this young hero, nor have the authorities at home written one word of inquiry in sympathy; but the people of England and Ireland will not readily forget him who has not inaptly been styled—"The Young Bayard of the British Army, *sans peur et sans reproche*."

## REDAN MASSY.

SONG OF THE GRENADIERS OF THE 19TH REGIMENT.

(A descriptive Ballad, by one who fought on the 8th Sept.)

O countrymen! shall we forget, as twelvemonths round us roll,  
That famous date, September Eight, when fell Sebastopol?  
And tho' the last, unlike the past, was scarce a day to boast,  
We had, by Heaven! some glorious men amid the British host—  
Hurrah! We'll drink brave Windham's health, and then our little man,  
Bold Massy of the Nineteenth Foot—we've christened him "Redan."

The morning sun flashed on each gun, as we marched to the front—  
Till twelve o'clock, we longed lay to bear the battle's brunt.  
'Twas said, the few with Windham true were mowed down in the fort;  
The Nineteenth, then, and Eighty-eighth, were ordered to support—  
And we, big, brawny fellows, now, looked to our little man—  
We knew he was the very lad to lead to the Redan.

And up that little Captain jumped, amid our thundering cheers;  
Like eager hound, we saw him bound, to lead his Grenadiers.  
Shot flying round his head like hail, he leapt into the ditch—

"On, on, each man to the Redan!" he said, and scaled the breach.

For two long hours we fast fell round that dauntless little man,  
And still the noble boy cried out, "On, on to the Redan!"

We did not turn till left alone, tho' bugle-sounds were calling,  
And not before, of our poor corps, two hundred men lay sprawling.

In vain each eye looks back to try if others come to aid,  
Too few to fight, if forced to fight, do not at home upbraid.  
But still, amid the general rush, stood firm our little man,  
Almost alone, 'mid showering shot, he faced to the Redan!

His sword was waving o'er his head; his eyes were flashing fire;

"A glorious death," the hero said, "but never I'll retire."  
Now borne along amid the throng, he struggled to the last.  
A thousand shots were aimed at him; one thro' his left thigh passed.

So left behind, stretched on the ground, was our poor little man;

He might escape, but he would be the last from the Redan.

The wounded round him roaring lay; he chid each British groan;

And, sadly pained himself, disdained to give a single moan.  
And all that day, resigned he lay, while fire around him raged,  
Nor moved while others shelter took beneath the Russian guns.

And, oh! the night, the dreary night, still saw our little man  
With trust in God, he bleeding in the ditch of the Redan.

The Russians came with mute respect, while weak upon his back;

They from his grasp his sword unclasp—they take his haversack.

And we—each blushed, as back we rushed, while everyone did say,

"God bless us! what a noble boy! He would not come away!"

And o'er our watchfires all that night, we mourned our little man,

And tears we shed, as each one said, "He's dead in the Redan!"

But what is this? At dawn of day two Highland soldiers strong,

A body laid within a plaid bear mournfully along!

O joy! O joy! our gallant boy, unmoaning, still is there,  
With broken thigh—O surgeons, try the fracture to repair—  
What boots it tho'? What boots it tho'? We'll lose our little man;

He's lauded for life from that good fight he fought in the Redan.

But tho' old chiefs this daring youth neglect without remorse  
His country's voice will give him choice to combat in the horse.

A Dragon light, or Lancer bright, with broadsword or with spear,

He'll war again, 'gainst Muscovite men, a gallant cavalier!

And win old England's praise once more, when grown a bearded man—  
This noble boy—this hero-boy—the lad of the Redan.

So, countrymen! do not forget, as years around you roll,  
That famous date—September Eight—when fell Sebastopol;  
And though the last, unlike the past, was scarce a day to boast,  
We had, by Heaven! some glorious men amid the British host.  
Hurrah! we'll drink brave Windham's health, and then our little man—  
Bold Massy of the Nineteenth Foot—the lad of the Redan!

## THE RUSSIAN CHEVALIER LIFE GUARDS.

ONE of the finest regiments in the service of the Czar is that of the Chevalier Life Guards, a regiment which enjoys the honour of bearing the name and of being devoted to the special service of the reigning Empress. It is composed of picked men, whose uniforms are alike chaste and magnificent. It is, of course, engaged entirely upon the duties of Household troops, being on no account employed on active service, and forms one of those numerous imposing regiments with reviews of which the late Czar was fond of dazzling the eyes of visitors to the Russian capital. It is from this magnificent regiment that we expect the Emperor of the French took the idea of his equally magnificent company of Cent Gardes, as in both troops the majestic figures of the men and the splendour of their uniforms form the distinguishing features.



EXTRAORDINARY GROUP OF FOSSIL FISH.—THE BERYX SUPERBUS

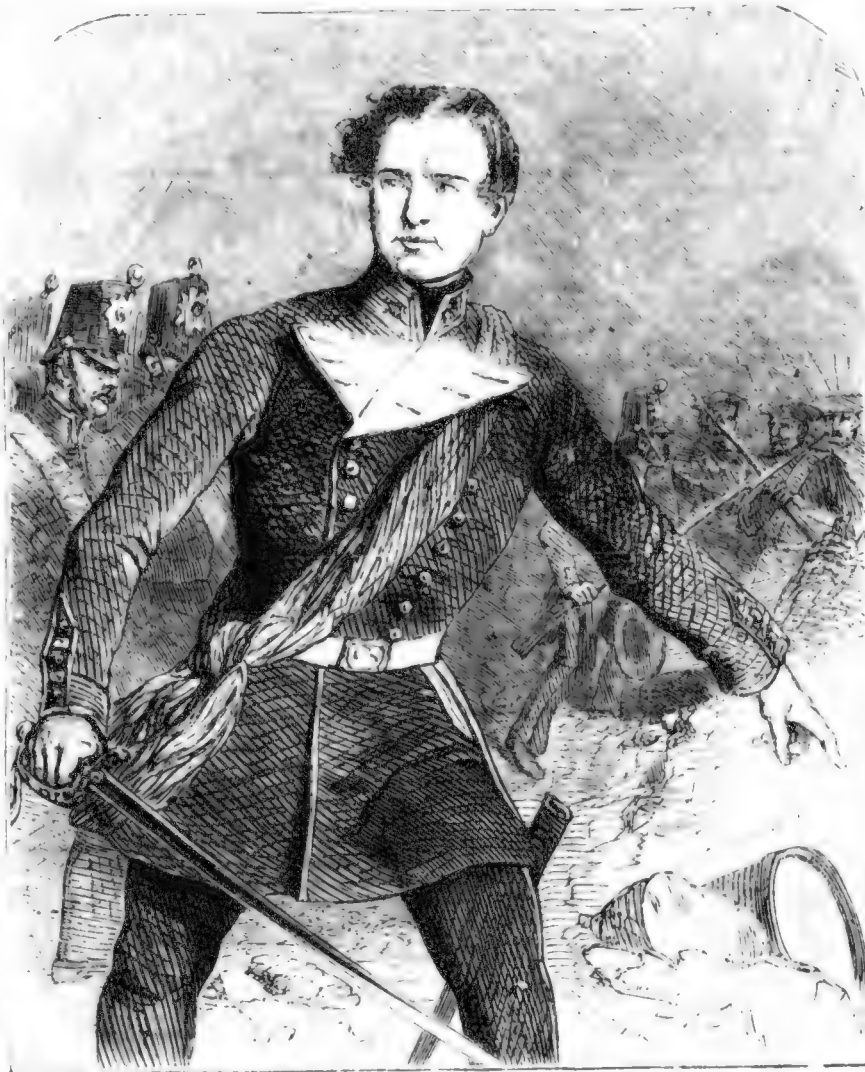


# MASSY—A YOUNG HERO OF THE REDAN.

THE people cry out for education in the army, but the officers of the old school deride the popular demand. "We had little education," they say, "in the Peninsula, and we fought well. Bookworms are generally milk-sops. We want men of action, not of contemplation." It might be a sufficient answer to such reasoning to say that the whole tendency of things is since changed, that even the humbler classes have tastes infinitely more intellectual than their fathers of forty years ago, and that the private soldier, having now so usually the common rudiments of an education, it is necessary that the man set above him should also surpass him in knowledge.

But we take broader grounds, and are prepared to maintain and to prove, if time permitted, that some of the most notable men of action who ever lived were also men of the most highly polished and highly trained intellects. To-day we give but a single example in the student-hero about to be brought before the notice of our readers.

Twenty-four months have scarcely passed since a ruddy-faced, dark-eyed boy might be seen each morning wending his way through Harcourt Street, in Dublin, to the locally far-famed school of the Rev. Dr. Flynn. How pleasant was the smile when the good Doctor recognised the happy face and light elastic step of one of his best and most attentive pupils! What a change in a few months! Alas! the poor Doctor is gathered to his fathers, and the boy, active as an antelope, is but a cripple for the rest of his days! This boy was William Godfrey, now known to fame as Lieutenant William Godfrey Dunham Massy. He was born in Dublin in the year 1838. His name is that of a family long settled in the south of Ireland. It boasts its peerages, its baronetages, its landed magnates. But young Massy owed nothing to its influence or its wealth. His father was but an humble offshoot of the great stem. To his and to his mother's tender care and solicitude, the most docile and intelligent of children owed everything. His early training and teaching were at home. After a little, he was put to school with the Rev. Thomas Neligan Kearney. He attended his establishment during a few hours of each day, and by that most excellent man and successful teacher, had made plain to his juvenile comprehension the truths of revealed religion, and the elements of a classical and English education. English writing and English composition were most carefully attended to by Mr. Kearney; and some of young Massy's stories, written on a given theme, when eleven or twelve years old, are really strikingly good for his age. But the boy's education was not limited to the day-school. All through, he was attended by masters at home. The pianoforte soon became his recreation, and the touching songs of Scottish heroism were his great delight. Drawing, bookkeeping, &c., were not neglected. With all this study, time was also found for out-door amusements, the early foundation of health and happiness. A boys' cricket-club was in his neighbourhood, and he was an active member of it. Each summer's morning found him an early swimmer at Kingstown, or at the Northumberland Baths. But his favourite exercise of all was riding, and a nag, procured at Syce's was often made to give a smoking return for his hire. On one occasion, when on a visit with his cousin in the country, they placed him on a blind horse, as a joke. He rode him at a walled fence, which the horse of course chested, giving a fearful fall to the young rider. All pressed him to return home, but he insisted on mounting again, and rode the hunt to the last. When Mr. Kearney got the vicarage of Rathfarnham, he transferred his school to the Rev. Mr. Dundas, with whom Massy continued, with profit, for some time. Afterwards, for a year before he entered College, he attended, as we have already mentioned, Mr. Flynn's academy. There is an education besides that received at schools, and even besides that received from parents' lips in the home circle. It is that shaped from the class of books selected and fondly read by a child of intellect. We regret to say that young



THE YOUNG HERO OF THE REDAN, LIEUT. MASSY OF THE 19TH REGIMENT.

Massy's course of voluntary reading was not such as is most conducive to the training and storing of the mind. Mixed with a little history and poetry, magazines, romances and novels, were the approved food of his intellect. Scott's novels were his peculiarly favourites, and he had read over and over everyone of them while still very young. From the scenes of battle and chivalry therein so glowingly recited, is to be traced the larking desire, ever uppermost with him, to be a soldier. Probably greatly to the same source may be traced his proud and daring conduct in the deadly breach. We know not how much our early desultory reading in after years influences our conduct! While thoughts of military glory and a future great name were probably glowing unnoticed in his breast, his parents had marked out the church for his coming profession. The boy, quiet, gentle, and fondly obedient, never objected. Indeed, his seriousness of character, his horror of falsehood, and his attention at church and at Sunday-school, where he latterly taught a class, marked him out seemingly

ship, and terse style of writing, here soon made him as useful in the orderly-room as his knowledge of drill did in the field. But still all this fell far short of his idea of soldiering. He volunteered more than once to go on to the Crimea. At last, his darling wish was gratified. He was allowed to go in command of a draft. He threw up his staff appointment, wrote home to his mother to excuse himself, and was off to the fight. He arrived in the Crimea, we believe, in June. His trench work commenced at once. He rather liked it. He seems from the first to have so subjugated his mind as to conquer all idea of fear. His narrow escapes have been described in the public press. One night, a round shot came over his head, within an inch or two. He only said, laughing, "How lucky I am! not fully grown. I was done for in that case." In a minute another shot whistled close to his face, "How fortunate," he again said, "that I have no whiskers—that would have taken one off, and I should be at the trouble of shaving the other to-morrow morning." But

as one fitted to join in every humane war, is certain—had there been no war, he would have asked to be a soldier. He had entered the University early in 1854. Just then "the blow" was blown in our ears, and the boy was in the fire, as it were, for glory and distinction. It was explained to him that our cold and chancic military service, unlike the wars of France or Russia, gave little opportunity of name to individuals. "Give me—give me a chance!" said the enthusiastic boy. He has made a noble use of it; but how has the poor youth fought in the cold shade of routine! His friends applied to Lord Hardinge for a commission. They had no "interest," as it is called, went entirely on some family claims, which, to his credit, Lord Hardinge most generously admitted. His name was put down for a commission, and in the July examination at Sandhurst. To him who had recently matriculated in Trinity College, that did not offer a very formidable contest. He passed his examinations with ease in ancient and modern languages. In October, 1854, he was gazetted an ensign in the 19th Foot. Two of his names—Lieutenant Godfrey Massy and Captain Hugh Massy—were already in the same regiment, serving in the Crimea. He had asked for a regiment serving in the Crimea. The Michaelmas examination at the University was now coming on. He had read for honours both in science and classics; but, being driven to the country by sickness in his family two months before, he gave up all hopes of success. His military friends indeed laughed at him for putting himself in danger of "being snubbed by old fellows in College." Such sneers had little effect on him. He said, if it was in twenty years, he was determined, whenever he had an opportunity, to take a degree. Accordingly he went in and passed his examination, thus rising in the year of his entry to the Senior Freshman. He afterwards returned again from the depot of his regiment to attend lectures for the January examination, thus showing the firmness and resolution of his character. He learned his drill in a short space of time, but he pined for active service. He looked on the agitated sea from Walmer barrow. At last, he was ordered out with a draft to Malta. The order was sudden. He was to go in three days. His intense love for his mother would not allow him to depart without saying farewell to her. He travelled two nights, remained at home for a few hours, returned, and just caught the ship at Portsmouth, as it was about to leave. This was in February. In the same month he obtained his lieutenantcy. His active mind, shortly after reaching Malta, was restless for employment. His attention and knowledge of business were quickly acquired, and though about the youngest lieutenant in the garrison, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant of the Light Division Provisional Battalion. His excellent penmanship, and terse style of writing, here soon made him as useful in the orderly-room as his knowledge of drill did in the field. But still all this fell far short of his idea of soldiering. He volunteered more than once to go on to the Crimea. At last, his darling wish was gratified. He was allowed to go in command of a draft. He threw up his staff appointment, wrote home to his mother to excuse himself, and was off to the fight. He arrived in the Crimea, we believe, in June. His trench work commenced at once. He rather liked it. He seems from the first to have so subjugated his mind as to conquer all idea of fear. His narrow escapes have been described in the public press. One night, a round shot came over his head, within an inch or two. He only said, laughing, "How lucky I am! not fully grown. I was done for in that case." In a minute another shot whistled close to his face, "How fortunate," he again said, "that I have no whiskers—that would have taken one off, and I should be at the trouble of shaving the other to-morrow morning." But

## ЛЕЙБЪ-ГВАРДИИ КАВАЛЕРГАРДСКАГО ЕЯ ИМПЕРАТОРСКАГО ВЕЛИЧЕСТВА ПОЛКА.



STAFF OFFICER.

PRIVATE.

DRUMMER.

DRILL SERGEANT.

CAVALIER.

THE CHEVALIER LIFE GUARDS.—THE REGIMENT OF HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.—(FROM A DRAWING MADE SPECIALLY FOR THE EMPRESS.)



was on the evening of the 7th of September that his heart beat high. The storming parties and the supports were told off for next day's work. His cousin, Captain Hugh Massy, was the Captain of Grenadiers of the 19th Regiment, but about a month before he became so alarmingly ill that the surgeons forced him to return to England. Young Massy claimed the company, and got the command of it. He was delighted; commanding the leading company, in a leading regiment, in a leading division (the Light). On the 8th they moved down early to the trenches. About 12, the storming parties of the 10th and 97th led on. Soon the 19th and 88th were moved on to their support. The latter regiment has never been a famous one; the 19th has as yet scarcely received its due meed of praise at the hands of the public. It is true its first laurels were gained in the Crimea; but they have become, in truth, a glorious wreath. At Alma, half the regiment were killed or wounded, including their Gallant Lieut.-Colonel, Sanders. There, when compelled to retire, they actually walked backwards. At Inkermann, again, their senior Captain was killed. In the trenches, and everywhere, they nobly did their duty; while, in the affair of the 8th of September, though overpowered by numbers, their name will be as lasting as the name of "Redan Massy." The young hero has reflected his glory on them, as also on their brave old Colonel, Unett, who fell at their head. Young Massy, with the leading company, was about the first of the regiment to jump into the ditch of the Redan. He moved across and got on the parapet. The fire of the enemy meantime was strewing the ground with dead and wounded. The young hero moved out in front, and encouraged on his men. At last came the retreat; but this noble boy would not move while a man remained with him. Thus, singly, hundreds of shots were aimed at him. He appeared perfectly cool and fearless, and frequently looked round at the Russian batteries. At length, when about to move off, he was struck in the thigh with a rifle ball. It entered the upper part of the leg, coming out again at the knee, and breaking the bone *in transitu*. There he lay: being the last, there was no one to take him off. But his spirit never quailed. Others crept towards the Russian guns, so that they might be taken prisoners; he remained where he was, although shot from both sides, friends and enemies, was tearing up the ground around him. As evening came on, our wounded, suffering from pain and thirst, sometimes cried aloud. Massy, it is stated, in a letter in the "Times," upbraided them for not showing the Russians that Englishmen could endure pain as well as fight. He never uttered a moan himself. The Russians, now that the truce was over, came out, first bayoneting, then plundering the wounded, heaps of whom, and of the dead, strewed the ground. Young Massy sometimes feigned death when he saw the bayonets glistening over him; sometimes, however, the pain of his wounds would not allow this. They took his haversack. A Russian officer also forcibly, and by opening his fingers, took his sword, which he still grasped, but no Russian used violence towards him, probably compassionating his youth, and admiring the extraordinary bravery which he showed in his bearing and in his looks. In the night the retreating Russians blew up their magazines; young Massy was literally buried in the rubbish caused by the explosion, and again very grievously wounded in the other leg. At dawn of morning, as some of our Highlanders were cautiously creeping into the deserted Redan, young Dunham Massy attracted their attention by grasping at their legs. They removed the rubbish, lifted him in their plaids, and took him to camp, where he was given up as dead. There the young hero still remains, and must continue for many weeks; but, under the care of one of the ablest surgeons and kindest men in the British army, Doctor Longmore, of the 19th Regiment, it is hoped his recovery will be effected. In a recent letter, Dr. Longmore thus writes—"I am happy to say he is doing well; his thigh has been saved, and in all probability there will not be much distortion. This is a most fortunate event, as from such an injury it is a very unusual and unlooked-for result." The same cheerful temper and unshaken fortitude, which have distinguished him all through, still continue under the grievous pain of his wounds. We are ashamed to add that the generals abroad have not said one



THE LATE LORD TRURO.

word in their frigid despatches of this young hero, nor have the authorities at home written one word of inquiry in sympathy; but the people of England and Ireland will not readily forget him who has not inaptly been styled—"The Young Bayard of the British Army, *sans peur et sans reproche*."

## REDAN MASSY.

SONG OF THE GRENADIERS OF THE 19TH REGIMENT.

(A descriptive Ballad, by one who fought on the 8th Sept.)

O countrymen! shall we forget, as twelvemonths round us roll,  
That famous date, September Eight, when fell Sebastopol?  
And tho' the last, unlike the past, was scarce a day to boast,  
We had, by Heaven! some glorious men amid the British host—  
Hurrah! We'll drink brave Windham's health, and then our little man,  
Bold Massy of the Nineteenth Foot—we've christened him "Redan!"

The morning sun flashed on each gun, as we marched to the front—  
Till twelve o'clock, we longed lay to bear the battle's brunt.  
'Twas said, the few with Windham true were mowed down in the fort;  
The Nineteenth, then, and Eighty-eighth, were ordered to support—  
And we, big, brawny fellows, now, looked to our little man—  
We knew he was the very lad to lead to the Redan.

And up that little Captain jumped, amid our thundering cheers;  
Like eager hound, we saw him bound, to lead his Grenadiers.  
Shot flying round his head like hail, he leapt into the ditch—

"On, on, each man to the Redan!" he said, and scaled the breach.  
For two long hours we fast fell round that dauntless little man,  
And still the noble boy cried out, "On, on to the Redan!"

We did not turn till left alone, tho' bugle-sounds were calling,  
And not before, of our poor corps, two hundred men lay sprawling.

In vain each eye looks back to try if others come to aid,  
Too few to fight, if forced to flight, do not at home upbraid.  
But still, amid the general rush, stood firm our little man,  
Almost alone, 'mid showering shot, he faced to the Redan!

His sword was waving o'er his head; his eyes were flashing fire;  
"A glorious death," the hero saith, "but never I'll retire."

Now borne along amid the throng, he struggled to the last.  
A thousand shots were aimed at him; one thro' his left thigh passed.

So left behind, stretched on the ground, was our poor little man;  
He might escape, but he would be the last from the Redan.

The wounded round him roaring lay; he chid each British groan;  
And, sadly pained himself, disdained to give a single moan.

And all that day, resigned he lay, while fire around him rums,  
Nor moved while others shelter took beneath the Russian guns.

And, oh! the night, the dreary night, still saw our little man  
With trust in God, lie bleeding in the ditch of the Redan.

The Russians came with mute respect, while weak upon his back;  
They from his grasp his sword unclasp—they take his haversack.

And we—each blushed, as back we rushed, while everyone did say,  
"God bless us! what a noble boy! He would not come away!"

And o'er our watchfires all that night, we mourned our little man,  
And tears we shed, as each one said, "He's dead in the Redan!"

But what is this? At dawn of day two Highland soldiers strong,  
A body laid within a plaid bear mournfully along!

O joy! O joy! our gallant boy, unmoaning, still is there,  
With broken thigh—(O surgeons, try the fracture to repair—  
What boots it tho'? What boots it tho'? We'll lose our little man;

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EXTRAORDINARY GROUP OF FOSSIL FISH.—THE BERYX SUPERBUS



## LORD TRURO.

THE death of Thomas Wilde, Lord Truro, makes the twenty-fifth vacancy which has occurred during the present year in the British peerage, a number considerably above the average. His Lordship died of disease of the heart, terminating in dropsy, on the evening of Sunday, November 11, at his house in Eaton Square, at the age of seventy-three.

Lord Truro was one of those individuals who have raised themselves to the highest positions of the land, mainly by the force of their own industry and abilities. He was the son of the late Mr. Thomas Wilde, a respectable solicitor in College Hill, London, and at Saffron Walden, Essex, and received his early education at St. Paul's School, where he formed a friendship with Chief Baron Pollock, which lasted during life. He left school, however, at an early age, and instead of proceeding to the University, he was articled in his father's office, and was admitted an attorney about the year 1807. Were we to follow the beaten track of remarks made by our contemporaries, we should add, that "his unwearied industry and quickness of perception were generally observable during his clerkship, and business flowed in upon him rapidly;" but we are in possession of a few facts, and we desire to relate these in preference to indulging in fiction. The simple truth, then, is, that soon after his admission as an attorney he entered into partnership with a man named Gardiner. The firm, which had its venue in Warwick Court, Newgate Street, passed under the style of Gardiner and Wilde, and afterwards under that of Wilde and Knight; and mightily sharp was the practice of the said firm, as might be expected from the circumstance that Gardiner, who was its founder, began life as a common bailiff. We can only say that, if any one doubts the sharpness of the firm's practice, he had better advertise in the "Times" for the nearest of kin to one Hawley, a jeweller in Fleet Street, and ask him whether his respected relative was not driven to commit suicide in despair, on account of bills to the tune of some £2,000 which that firm had contrived to extract from his pockets! Mr. Thomas Wilde remained for a period of nearly ten years a member of this firm, when, having married a lady who had been first the cook and afterwards the wife, and was then widow, of a wealthy banker, with a fortune of £10,000, he thought it worth his while to abandon the humbler branch of his profession, and, in an ambitious spirit of self-reliance, to become a barrister. Others assert that his name was struck off the roll of attorneys by the late Right Hon. Sir William Grant, and that he therefore began to apply himself to the higher line. We, however, place no belief in this statement. It is quite certain that there was some mysterious affair with which Mr. Wilde's name was unpleasantly mixed up as a solicitor, and which has never since been satisfactorily explained, and possibly, on this account, he may have received a hint to withdraw his name. Be this, however, as it may, he contrived to get called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in the year 1817, and went the Western Circuit. Here good fortune attended him, and he early rose to considerable eminence as an advocate, soon realising a handsome income. In Easter Term, 1824, he was made a serjeant-at-law, and in 1827 a King's serjeant. In this position, his intimate and practical knowledge of the law, his unwearied labour and ready command of language, gave him great advantages. Ravenous for money, according to his professional rights, and recipient of the largest sums probably ever given with a brief or as a retainer, it was his boast and his merit, nevertheless, that he never undertook more business than he could adequately perform; and having once accepted a brief, he disregarded all considerations of personal ease in his steady devotion to the interests of his client, because he felt that those interests were identical with his own. Together with Lords Denman and Brougham, he was engaged as a junior in defending the cause of Queen Caroline, a distinction which materially added to the advancement of his professional reputation, though it accounted for the fact that he never attained to political office during the reign of George IV. For this he had to bide his time. In 1831 he was returned to Parliament as member for the town of Newark, which at that time was not so entirely a pocket borough of his Grace of Newcastle as it afterwards became. Upon the general election, however, in 1832, he was defeated by the late Mr. Handley by a small majority, but regained his seat in 1835, when he was elected for the borough in conjunction with Mr. William Ewart Gladstone. These two gentlemen sat for Newark until 1841. In 1839 his first political prize fell into his hands, in the shape of the Solicitor-Generalship, which then happened to be vacated by the promotion of Sir R. M. Rolfe (now Lord Cranworth) to the Attorney-Generalship. In 1841 he was promoted to be Attorney-General, and at the same time was elected M.P. for Worcester.

During the proceedings which were taken, during 1844, to obtain a reversal of the decision in the O'Connell affair, Sir T. Wilde gave all his services, both at the bar of the Lords and in advising and assisting in the case, which he did with his customary ardour and assiduity, that bore down all lukewarmness, without receiving the fee of a single penny. It was a party question; he felt it was one; all the Whigs felt so too, and hastened to profit by it with their usual alacrity, as we all know. But not a solitary individual among them put his hand in his pocket for a farthing towards the expense, Wilde alone excepted. Wilde, who never got credit for being other than a calculating barrister, and who never asked credit for being anything else—Wilde, whose minutes, almost whose seconds, counted by guineas, devoted days and weeks—it is not too much to say months—to the elucidation of the illegality of that which extorted the immortal Denmanic denunciation of being "a fraud, a delusion, and a snare."

The rest of his story is soon told. In the words of the "Times," "sharing the vicissitudes of the Whig party when the Protectionists revenged the repeal of the corn-laws, by deposing Sir Robert Peel, in July, 1846, Sir Thomas Wilde was again appointed to his former office, and within the same week was raised to the Bench as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas [upon the death of Sir Nicholas Tindal]. In July, 1850, he received the Great Seal under Lord John Russell's administration, and was elevated to the Peerage by the title of Lord Truro, but held his high office only till February, 1852." This choice of the title of Truro is said to have arisen from the pleasing association of that place with the earliest brief which he had received while a "junior" on the Western Circuit; a choice only less singular than that of Lord Lyndhurst, who, not having an ancestral acre in England, took his title from the spot in the New Forest where he first met his future wife.

But to return to Lord Truro. In early, and even in maturer years, he was in politics an advanced "Whig and something more," as may be inferred from the following extract from his celebrated speech at Newark, during the period of political excitement consequent on Sir Robert Peel's temporary return to office at the close of the year 1834:—

"The time had now arrived when it behoved every man whose heart responded to the call of honour or patriotism to stand forth in defence of those inalienable rights of freedom secured to all by the constitution of our country according to the true reading and intent of that constitution. Efforts were now making by a party, powerful by their station, but still more by the means of corruption at their disposal, and yet more by the strict confederacy into which they had banded themselves for the advancement of their unholy objects, to wrest from the people those concessions to obtain which had required so many severe struggles. The contest between the people and the aristocratic enemies of liberal principles had hitherto been one of open force, and the victory remained with the people. Discomfited, but not finally beaten down under our feet, the enemy now sought by insidious means to effect that which he had failed to accomplish, when the strife was fair and open. Having maintained a front of stern, uncompromising hostility for a considerable period, could they give their confidence to the foe merely because he thought fit suddenly to hoist friendly colours and advance with professions of amity and regard? Could the sensible and enlightened Reformers of England be so false to themselves as to deliver the keys of the citadel with blind confidence into the hands of the leader of the opposing force upon such flimsy pretences? He must have a mind of monstrous credulity who could believe in the miraculous conversion to which the meek-hearted and pious Tories pretended. He trusted that his countrymen would not be taken unawares by the insidious approaches of a known and convicted enemy, under whatever disguise they might be made; but that they would exert themselves and instruct their representatives to second their efforts and overthrow the machinations now on foot to dispossess them of all the fruits of their past noble exertions."

His Lordship, at a later period, is distinguished for one more celebrated

political speech: we mean the one he delivered in the Guildhall of London on Lord Mayor's Day, 1850, at the commencement of the "Papal Aggression" excitement, in which he declared that he would "stamp upon the hat of the Cardinal"—a speech for which some of his liberal friends never afterwards forgave him. We ought not, however, to forget to mention one speech of Sir Thomas Wilde in Parliament,—a speech which he delivered about eighteen years ago, on Parliamentary Privilege—in which he held the House of Commons chained for upwards of three hours, with a dry legal argument, and which Dr. Lushington pronounced the most consummate triumph of reasoning ever known.

Lord Truro's judgments, as Chancellor, were uniformly looked up to with respect; and it is sad that of all his decisions as a judge, only one was reversed on appeal. His speeches on political subjects were few in number; but those on the Custom House frauds, the Exchequer Bill robbery, and on the writ of error in Mr. O'Connell's state trial, will live when many others are forgotten.

Since Lord Truro's release from the Chancellorship, in 1852, he has lived in comparative retirement, dividing his time between his seat at Bowes Manor, near Southgate, where he used to spend his days in farming, and his town house in Eaton Square, where he breathed his last. Ill-health prevented him from taking any active part in the proceedings of the House of Peers during the last two years. The last time that a friend of ours went to see him at Southgate, he found him nursing a favourite pig, which he had reared with his own legal hands. It must be owned that there is something pleasing in the sight of an ex-Chancellor amusing himself among his sheep, and pigs, and poultry.

Lord Truro, it is well known, never owed his promotion to any personal popularity; in fact, he was always looked upon as a black sheep; and upon one occasion he was so strongly suspected of having exceeded the conventional bounds of professional decorum, in a will which was made under his superintendence, that several of his learned brethren felt and evinced to the very last something more than coolness and indifference towards him personally: and one of the Common Law Judges, whose name stands high as a judge and a man, never could sit in the same Court with him. It is but fair, however, to add that Lord Brougham even recently spoke in public of Lord Truro's "unblemished integrity." The short, thick-set person of Lord Truro, his austere and frowning countenance, and his deep-set eyes and piercing glance, will not readily be forgotten by those who have seen him, as we have, in public and in private. It was in allusion to the former of these personal peculiarities that Lord Brougham, with his usual facetiousness, christened his legal friend by the nickname of "Sancho Panza."

Lord Truro was twice married; first, as we have already mentioned, in 1813, while still a solicitor, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr. William Wildman, and widow of William de Vaynes, Esq.; secondly, in 1845, when he was on the eve of high political advancement, he was fortunate enough to secure the hand of Mademoiselle Augusta Emma D'Este, daughter of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, by his wife Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dummore.

Baron Truro was considerably turned sixty when he won the fair Mademoiselle d'Este: "what she saw in Truro, to become enamoured of him," observes a writer in the "Liverpool Albion," "would puzzle even a female brain to imagine. He was the oddest, crabbedest, comic-like looking five feet five of humanity that ever waddled on two legs. Face, mien, voice, contour, and tout ensemble, as fine writers and the fashionable mantuamakers say, were the very antithesis of everything likely to mesmerise a princess, and ghost of Cupid! worse than all, he had been an attorney in the early part of his life, and looked an attorney's clerk to the day of his death, even when seated on the woolsack, with the Great Seal and the Peers of England, descendants of the Barons of Runnymede, before him, and Sir Augustus Clifford, Usher of the Black Rod, behind. But he was a wonderful advocate; and if he only pleaded his own cause a tenth part as well before her as he pleaded her cause before the law lords, he must have carried the citadel of her affection, were she the daughter of a real empress with a real marriage certificate, instead of the offspring of a credulous Scotch lady, who foolishly trusted to the honour of a Guelph, and found that her nuptials were unrecognised by Act of Parliament."

After his marriage, Lord Truro still allowed his lady to receive £500 a year from the Royal Literary Fund, to the scandal of every principle of justice and decency, and the grievous wrong of those for whom that fund, in all but £1,600, was intended. True, she had it when he married her; but his very first act should have been its relinquishment, because she had no right whatever to it, its bestowal upon her being wholly indefensible. He had no issue by this lady, but by his first wife he leaves a family of one daughter, Emily Thomasine, who is married to her cousin, Mr. C. N. Wilde, Q.C., and two sons, Thomas, and Charles Robert Claude, the latter of whom succeeds him in his title. The present Peer was born in 1816, and married in 1838, Lucy, daughter of R. Ray, Esq., by whom, we believe, he has no issue. He has never been heard of in public life, though some speculative electioneering agent a few weeks ago mentioned him as one of a dozen probable candidates for Southwark.

It is but fair to the memory of the late Lord Truro to add, that, in grateful acknowledgement of the benefits derived by him from his education at St. Paul's School, he founded an annual exhibition of the amount of £30 a year to assist its scholars in proceeding to the University.

Lord Truro's remains were conveyed on Saturday last from Eaton-square to the South Eastern Railway terminus for interment at Ramsgate, near the remains of the late Sir Augustus d'Este. The funeral was of the most unostentatious character.

## EXTRAORDINARY GROUP OF FOSSIL FISH.

THE science of Palaeontology, acquires fresh interest by every successive geological discovery. The latest interesting addition to the very beautiful objects already possessed by our museums, is a very extraordinary group of that rare fish, the *Beryx superbus*, of Dixon, which has recently been discovered by some workmen among the chalk hills near Rochester, in Kent, in a remarkable state of preservation; and what invests it with unusual interest, is the circumstance of its being the only known group of fossil fish ever found in this formation.

To the palaeontologist and the geologist, and the student of physical science generally, the present discovery is most interesting, for, in addition to being grouped together in a most artistic manner, the bodies are uncompressible, the mouths open, the gills and fins extended, proving unquestionably that the fish must have been living, and all grouped together, when they were surrounded by the chalk in which they were discovered imbedded. Our engraving will help our explanation, for mere description would fail to give an adequate idea of its wonderful arrangement. The extreme rarity of the fish may be judged by the fact, that the extensive collection of chalk fish in the British Museum contains only a portion of the body of one of this variety. The group is in the possession of Mr. Henson, 113, Strand, who particularly invites all those interested in fossil remains to examine it.

This very fine fish (the *Beryx superbus*) was proved to be new by M. Agassiz, and has been found about 18 inches long. The scales are large and thick, slightly pectinated and sculptured. Professor Owen, and other eminent scientific men, pronounce the group to be the most remarkable ever discovered, and the Trustees of the British Museum are, we believe, most anxious to possess it.

To those unacquainted with geology and kindred sciences, it will appear inconceivable how mountains or chalk formations, several thousand feet thick, can have become filled with fossils from top to bottom; but the difficulty is removed by reflecting on the origin of classification, and allowing sufficient time for the accumulation of sediment. It must always be borne in mind that, during the process of deposition, each separate layer was once the uppermost, and covered immediately by the water in which aquatic animals lived. Each stratum, in fact, however far it may now lie beneath the surface, was once in a state of shingle, or loose sand, or soft mud at the bottom of the sea, in which shells, fishes, or other bodies easily became enveloped. By attending to the nature of these remains, we are often enabled to determine whether the deposition was slow or rapid, whether it took place in a deep or shallow sea, near the shore or far from land, and whether the water was salt, brackish, or fresh.

## WEEKLY OBITUARY.

**SUTTON, SIR RICHARD.**—Sir Richard Sutton, of Norwood Park, Nottingham, died at his residence, 94, Piccadilly (Cambridge House), on Monday the 13th inst., at the age of 57. He was well known as one of the keenest and most successful and wealthiest commoners in Great Britain. He succeeded to the title of the death of his grandfather in 1802, when he was only four years old, and was lucky enough to have a long minority and home-tutor. We do not touch for the truth of the statement, but we have heard it confidently stated that Sir Richard's income from house property alone at the west end of town, amounted to £4,000 a-year, and that of this sum seldom or never was £100 in arrears. He had also large estates in Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, and Suffolk, to which his eldest son, the present Baronet, succeeds, who was born in 1821, and married in 1844 Emma Helena, eldest daughter of Colonel Sherlock, K.H., of Southdown, Notts. The late Baronet does not leave a widow, his wife, whom he married at Barton, Esq., of Carlisle, having died about twelve years since. Sir Richard was a very charitable person—quite of the old school—as plain, open, honest a country gentleman as one often meets. He always wore top-boots and leathers, and had an instinctive aversion to all modern fashions. His loss will be much felt in sporting circles, as for many years he had hunted the Quorn and Leicestershire hounds, which he supported in a style of profuse liberality. The illness of which he died was at first stated to be disease of the heart, but his physicians have since asserted that it was angina pectoris, and that he had been labouring several days. Sir Richard represented a branch of the Suttons of Sutton-upon-Trent, near Newark—Lords Lexington, a title which was conferred by Charles the First on one of his devoted followers, and became extinct in the year 1723. The sole surviving heiress of this family carried the Sutton name and property into the Manns family, by marrying the third Duke of Rutland, grandfather of the present Duke.

**JODRELL, R. P. H., Esq.**—Richard Paul Hase Jodrell, Esq., eldest son of Sir Rd. Paul Jodrell, Bart., of Sall Park, Norfolk, died on the 10th inst., at the early age of 37. He was born in 1818, and in 1848 married Lady Anne Maria, daughter of the third Earl of Mountcashel. Mr. Jodrell's health had been failing for a long time. Report asserts that his life had been proposed for assurance in almost every insurance company in London, and very generally declined, and that where it had been accepted, it had only been at very heavy rates of premium. Policies to the amount of £85,000 are known to have been in existence on his life, mostly in the younger offices (many of whom must be considerable sufferers by his death), so that, in all probability, his was the most heavily insured life in England. He has a younger brother, Edward, a clergyman, who thus becomes heir to the baronetcy and the vast property of Sir Richard, freed from all debts and encumbrances. The father of the present Baronet married the descendant of Alderman Sir Thomas Lombe, of London, who, under the disguise of a silkworm, procured from Piedmont a model of the silk machine, and introduced into England the process of silk-throwing. For this national service he received a grant to the tune of £14,000 from Parliament, in 1732; and had he lived a few years longer, would have had the satisfaction of seeing his grand niece's husband raised to the baronetage.

**HABDINMAN, JAMES, Esq.**—This gentleman died at his residence, Merchants' Road, Galway, on Tuesday last, aged 74. He was known in the literary world as the historian of his native city, in the antiquities of which he was deeply versed. He was also a member of several of the learned societies of Ireland, and a large contributor to archaeological works. Up to Sunday morning he was in his usual health, when just after breakfast, as he was preparing for mass for his most devoted and regular Catholic, he was suddenly seized with apoplexy and paralysis, in which state he lingered till Tuesday.

**PILKINGTON, SIR W.**—Sir William Milborne Swinnerton Pilkington, bart., died a few days since at Hillingdon, in Middlesex, where he happened to be on a visit. The immediate cause of his death was a severe cold, which attacked him internally, and which a naturally weak frame could not withstand. Sir William was only in his 25th year, and had enjoyed the title something less than two years, having succeeded his elder brother, the late Sir Thomas Pilkington, in February, 1854. He is succeeded by his only brother, Lionel, who was born in 1833, and is unmarried. The family are of ancient Saxon descent, and were settled before the Conquest, at Rivington, in Lancashire, but the chief of the house being sought by the Norman soldiers, was forced to disguise himself as a thresher in a barn. From this circumstance he took as the motto of his arms, the words, "Now thus, now thus," in allusion to the head of the family, which falls alternately on each side. Among the worthies of the family was Bishop Pilkington, one of the compilers of the Prayer-book, who was consecrated to the see of Durham in 1560, and had a narrow escape from the northern rebels, who tore the English Liturgy to pieces within the walls of the Cathedral, and would have torn his Lordship to pieces too, if they could have caught him. Bishop Pilkington, however, escaped, and lived to institute a suit against Queen Elizabeth, for the lands and goods of the rebels attained within his diocese, and would probably have succeeded in his suit had not the Parliament interfered, and declared the property, pro hac vice, forfeited to the Crown.

**STRACEY, SIR J.**—By the death of Sir Josias Stracey, of Blackheath, which took place last week at Bognor, at the age of 86, Mr. Henry Josias Stracey, the newly-elected M.P. for East Norfolk, becomes a baronet. The late Baronet, who was born in 1771, succeeded to his brother's title, we believe, early in the present year, at the ripe age of 85. The present baronet is in politics a Liberal Conservative. He was born in 1802, and was for several years captain in the 1st or Royal Dragoons. In 1835, he married Charlotte, daughter and heiress of the late George Deane, Esq., of the Padlock, Canterbury, by whom he has a numerous issue.

**THE MATFEN MURDER.**—On Monday last, the adjourned inquest on the body of Dorothy Bewicke, the old woman murdered near Matfen, was held in that village, by the coroner for South Northumberland. Since the last meeting, four women have been taken into custody by the police, on suspicion of being accessories to the murder of the old woman. Their names are Isabella Allan, alias Tibby Anderson, Ellen and Jane Allan, her two daughters, and Elizabeth Conroy—the former mother and sisters of one of the men in custody, the latter the wife of one of them. None of them were before the coroner, being confined in Morpeth gaol upon magistrate's warrants. Evidence, more especially relating to the women, having been taken, the jury returned with the following verdict:—"We find that James Conroy, Michael Allan, otherwise known as Anderson, and John Simm, are guilty of the murder of Dorothy Bewicke; and that Isabella Allan, alias Anderson, Ellen and Jane Allan, and Elizabeth Conroy, had a knowledge of the murder; that they were aiding and abetting in the said murder, and are therefore guilty of murder." Some very strong measures will have to be adopted to meet the fearful outbreak of crime in the district. At present, though there is a sufficiently large police force in the counties of Durham and Northumberland, there is no plan such as is in force in the metropolis by which information with regard to outrages can be transmitted to all the police stations in the district simultaneously.

**ALICE GREY.**—From the time of her committal to the County Jail at Stafford until Saturday last, this female impostor has been attended by one or two female turnkeys; but on that day it was considered, as well by the surgeon as the visiting justices, that she was in a fit state of mind to be left alone, and towards evening she was accordingly locked up in her cell alone. She was occasionally watched, and for some time appeared quite composed, and began to undress for bed. In a few minutes, however, a noise was heard against her cell door. When it was opened it was found that she had fallen against it, apparently in a partial state of suffocation, produced by the smoke of straw which was burning in the cell. It was then found that the prisoner had unsewed the pillowcase and taken out the straw, which she had set fire to by means of the gaslight in the cell. On being questioned as to her intention, she stated that she meant to place the bed upon the burning straw, and, lying upon the bed, to burn herself to death. Whether she was partially stupefied with the smoke, and fell against the door, or whether, being alarmed at the position in which she had placed herself, she endeavoured to obtain assistance by making a noise, it is difficult to determine. Upon that point a difference of opinion exists at the jail, as well as with regard also to the woman's sanity. Happily for her she sustained no serious injury from this very rash act, which might well have cost her her life.

**MANSLAUGHTER AT MANCHESTER.**—At the Manchester Police Court on Monday last, a woman was charged with causing the death of Robert Mayne, a mechanic, aged 23, by stabbing him in the eye with a pitchfork. From the evidence given, and statements made before a coroner's inquest on the deceased, it appears that the prisoner and her husband, Richard Roper, both elderly people, keep a coal yard in Chester Road, living inside the yard in a cabin of a single room. They are said to have been subjected to various annoyances committed on their premises by people in their neighbourhood, and instead of calling on the police for protection, to have resorted to violent measures in retaliation. On the evening of the 12th inst., a drunken man, whilst standing in the street near the yard gate, had some water thrown upon him from the inside, and at the instigation of some young men who came out of a neighbouring public house, attempted to force his way in, for the purpose of "giving them a good clouting." It was only after forcing the gate open three times that he succeeded in getting inside, when he came into collision with Roper, and the two commenced fighting. Several persons stood in the gateway looking on, and Roper's wife struck at them with a pitchfork, which entered the left eye of the deceased, who was amongst those who came out of the public house. He was taken home, and died on Saturday evening last. At an inquest held before the coroner for the city, the jury found a verdict of "Manslaughter," against her.

**TWO SUBJECTS OF RUSSIA,** named Rosenberg and Barnett, were charged, at the Mansion House, on Monday last, with having in their possession, without lawful use, a certain copper-plate, upon which were engraved parts of certain laws for the payment of moneys of a certain foreign Prince or State, that is to say, the Emperor of All the Russias, against the peace, &c.

**JULIUS ALBERT ARLINGTON,** the accomplished swindler of the West and South of England, was fully committed for trial, last week, by the Southampton magistrates on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences from Mr. Curtis, the landlord of the Pier Hotel, in that town.



## POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

**CASE OF DR. VAUGHAN.**—The Rev. John Vaughan, D.D. was brought up at the Lambeth Police Court, on Friday last, for trial on a charge of perjury, and the case of James Begbee was proceeded with.

George Goodeve, toolmaker in Crutched-friars, said that Begbee was his stepson. Witness was with him when he died in Guy's Hospital, about twelve months ago. The certificate of his death was obtained from Guy's. Witness saw him buried at Brixton.

Mr. Stainer, registrar of the district of St. Olave's and St. Thomas's, Southwark, said that Guy's Hospital was within that district. He registered the death of Begbee on the 25th of November, 1854.

Elizabeth Goodeve, aunt of Begbee, deposed that Begbee never lived at Brixton Place; he always lived at his stepfather's in Crutched-friars. He was buried at Brixton. She read the undertaker £1 15s. for the burial. She attended the funeral. If the registrar represented him as residing at Brixton Place, it was untrue.

W. W. Plummer produced a letter of dismissal from his parish, as parish clerk, written by Dr. Vaughan. Witness denied James Begbee, at Brixton, in November, 1854. He did not recollect having seen any certificate of death. The entry in the rough book was written by Mr. Eastman, the curate of Brixton, except the figure "6," which witness thought was in Dr. Vaughan's writing. It is the duty of the curate, or the undertaker, to give the officiating minister the certificate of death. In this case, witness did not see a certificate given. Dr. Vaughan had complained of witness smoking, and his clothes smelling of smoke. Witness sometimes got a single fee when a double fee was charged. Dr. Vaughan was in the habit of ordering the other half to be given to the pew-openers. Witness had, by order of the churchwardens, posted bills calling meetings of the inhabitants respecting charges against Dr. Vaughan. Witness noted some of them in Dr. Vaughan's neighbourhood, but not on Dr. Vaughan's premises.

Malby, the sexton, said he saw Miss Goodeve, in reference to Begbee's burial, and then applied to Dr. Vaughan about the interment. He told the Doctor that Begbee had died at Guy's Hospital, and asked what he was to say? The Doctor replied that he was to take double fees for the third ground. Witness subsequently received from Miss Goodeve £1 15s. being the double fee, and 12s. for the ground. Witness paid the clerk's fee to Plummer, who was also clerk. Witness handed the certificate of death to Mr. Eastman, the curate, at the funeral. He did not recollect the Rev. Matthew Vaughan being at the church when he had a conversation with Dr. Vaughan about Begbee's death. Witness did not, in the Rev. Matthew Vaughan's presence, state that Begbee had died in the hospital, but had lived in Brixton Place. Begbee's funeral occurred before the time that the Doctor gave witness £12. Witness had no notion until lately that Dr. Vaughan made false entries in the register. When he saw and examined them he discovered the matter. He had no communication with the churchwardens on the subject. He spoke about it to Mr. Eastman, who generally performed the burial ceremony. In many cases Mr. Eastman had not received the certificates of death at the interments, as they had been previously handed to Dr. Vaughan; but the general practice is to give them to the minister officiating at the funeral. If Dr. Vaughan received the certificate Mr. Eastman did not ask for it, as sometimes Dr. Vaughan entered the death before the interment took place.

Mr. Prior, one of the churchwardens of St. Matthew, said he directed Plummer to post the bill, the original requisition sent by the inhabitants to the churchwardens to call the meeting. Dr. Vaughan was for a while absent in France, and returned in August. Complaints had previously reached witness about burial-fees, and, in consequence, the churchwardens asked an explanation from Dr. Vaughan. In consequence of this, the Doctor met them next morning in the vestry, and witness pointed to the entry in the rough-book, which had been altered from "St. Olave's" (which it was in the church-book) to "Brixton Place," and the Doctor said that Mr. Eastman had discovered his mistake after the funeral, and requested him to put it correctly in the registry. He believed that these were Dr. Vaughan's words as near as possible.

Witness was sure that he had not, while Dr. Vaughan was in Paris, said to his daughters that nothing would go right till Plummer, Malby, and Eastman were dismissed. He had said, on a previous occasion, respecting Mr. Eastman, that it was highly discreditable for the curate and incumbent to be differing, and that if they could not agree, they should part. He did not directly or indirectly have a party to the publishing of hand-bills reflecting on the character of Dr. Vaughan. He recollected Dr. Vaughan obliging Malby to give back fees in Harrison's case. The way it originated was this. The churchwardens charged Dr. Vaughan with receiving double fees, and accounting only for single. Previous to that, the Doctor had asked Malby had he received fees from certain parties. Malby said he had, and that he retained 6s. in his possession. The churchwardens questioned Malby on this, and he said he did so by permission given to him by the Doctor in cases of poverty. The Doctor denied this most strongly, and Mr. Edwards said to the Doctor, "You are liberal with money that is not your own. Do you ever give back freely your own fees?" (Laughter.) The Doctor felt himself pressed on that, and he turned round and said, "You are deceiving us, or telling us a gross falsehood." We then, said the witness, left the vestry, and in twenty-four hours after I saw his own hand-writing authorising Malby to pay back half the fees. The Doctor said to Malby, "Why do you not give back the money?" and Malby said he had it in his pocket, but had not the opportunity to see the party to return it, on which the Doctor said, "Then give it to me."

Mr. Edwards, the other churchwarden, being called, corroborated the testimony of Mr. Prior, and said he had no objection whatever to do with the publishing of the hand-bills produced. In reference to the churchwarden's remarks on the erasure of "St. Olave's" in the rough-book, Dr. Vaughan made some reference to Mr. Eastman being a bad writer, and said that Mr. Eastman had authorised him to make the erasure. The figure "6" was in Dr. Vaughan's hand. Plummer complained about his fees, and after that, the Doctor said he did not like Plummer smoking a short pipe, and that he should discharge him.

The Rev. Mr. Eastman, curate of St. Matthew's since 1853, deposed that, on entering his cure, Dr. Vaughan said that, to keep matters regular, he would enter the names from the rough book into the register, as he had done when his son was there. Witness almost invariably performed the burial service. He did not recollect Begbee's funeral. (The entry of Begbee's funeral was handed to him.) The whole of that is in my hand-writing, with the exception of the figure "6." The entry is "27th November, 1854, Wm. Begbee, St. Olave's parish, 30 years of age, third ground," with my initials. I entered "St. Olave's" from a certificate. I recollect having entered St. Olave's from a certificate, but I do not recollect the name of the person. I did not make the erasure of St. Olave's parish, nor did I put in the figure 6. There is only the one entry of St. Olave's in the book. I never requested any one to strike out St. Olave's parish. I never sanctioned Dr. Vaughan's doing so. I frequently bury people without certificates. I know that the law requires certificates. I did not violate the law. The law does not require that the officiating clergyman should have a certificate within seven days, if it be not delivered to him. But in my case, I found the entries made within the seven days, and therefore I did not apply for them.

Mr. Gibbs, one of the committee to which the parishioners referred the matters respecting Dr. Vaughan, said that on the 17th September, the committee met in their church, and when Begbee's case was alluded to, Dr. Vaughan took out a book and read from it where Begbee died, and that he had resided in Brixton Place, and after a short pause, Dr. Vaughan said, "If you doubt my word, I will take my oath of it."

The Rev. Matthew Vaughan, incumbent of St. Joseph's, Brixton, said that, in last November, his child being ill, he went to Brixton to find his father. He found his father in his house, with Malby, and his father had the rough book before him. His father said to Malby, "How is it?" "It's St. Olave's; there are only single fees." Malby said Mr. Eastman had made a mistake; the man died in the hospital, but

his residence was either Brixton Place, or in the rear of Brixton Place (witness is not positive which), and his father then struck out St. Olave's, and wrote Brixton Place, and entered it in the parish books. Witness remembers this particularly, because he was in distress to see his father about the child, to whom the servant had, by mistake, administered opium.

John Vaughan was called, and, almost verbatim, corroborated his brother's testimony.

A third case—Anne Webb—was gone into, where double fees were charged, single fees accounted for, and the place of death misrepresented. The circumstances were similar to those of the previous cases.

The Magistrate then said—I have always taken the responsibility of not sending to trial a man whom I considered innocent; but in this matter I am bound to send the case for trial. Haydon, to whom no fraud is imputed, swore most positively to what Dr. Vaughan said; and the only persons who were called to contradict him were persons belonging to Dr. Vaughan's house. And on one side it is sworn that that what took place occurred outside the door, and on the other that it took place in the room. In the second case, the parties speak to irregularities in the register, and it has not been alleged by Dr. Vaughan or any other person—until the case came into court—that they were committed by Malby. It is now stated that the alterations were made by Dr. Vaughan by direction of the curate, and not from statements of Malby. Under all the circumstances, it is my painful duty to send the case for trial.

Bail was hereupon taken, and Dr. Vaughan, who was much affected, was allowed to leave the court with his friends.

**"DRUMMING-OUT THREE OFFICERS."**—Three officers of the German Legion who deserted, and were subsequently apprehended while endeavouring to make their escape from this country, one of them being also guilty of embezzlement, were sentenced to be degraded and dismissed the service. The troops were formed into a hollow square, and the "officers" brought out under guard and placed in the centre. The usual forms of degradation, the tearing up of the commissions, &c., were then gone through, and the prisoners were marched off the ground. Only one of them had retained his sword, which was broken in due form.

## MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

SINCE we last wrote, the dealings in all national securities have been very limited, both for money and time; nevertheless, prices have ruled higher, arising, chiefly, from the great scarcity of stock in the hands of the jobbers. The demand for money has rather increased, and the rates of discount, under the influence of small available balances in the discount houses, have been firmly supported. In Lombard Street, the best commercial bills, having 60 days to run, have been taken at 5½—those for a longer period being charged 6½ to 6¾ per cent.

Bank Stock has realised 209. The 3 per cent. Consols have been done at 87½ up to 88½; the reduced, 86½ to 87½; and the new 3 per cents., 87½ to 87¾. India bonds have been down to 10s.; and exchequer bills, 3s. to 3s. discount. Exchequer bonds—both series—have realised 98½. The continued heavy discount upon exchequer bills—notwithstanding the late advance in the interest—is proving a source of much uneasiness; and it has become a question for serious consideration whether it will not be necessary to raise the rate to 3d. per diem. The scarcity of money will, we apprehend, further reduce the price of unfunded debt.

The imports of bullion have been very moderate; but several vessels, having nearly £800,000 on board, are daily expected from Australia. Shipments of about £275,000 have been made, chiefly to India and China.

The foreign house has been very dull, and prices have further given way. Brazilian 4½ per cents. have marked 92½; Danish 3 per cents., 81; ditto 5 per cents., 101½; Guatemala bonds, 23; Mexican 3 per cents., 19½; Peruvian 3 per cents., 51½; Sardinian 6 per cents., 85½; Spanish 3 deferred, 19½; Spanish reserve, 6; Turkish 6 per cents., 79½; ditto 4 per cents. (new scrip), 4½ discount; Dutch 2½ per cents., 63½; and Dutch 4 per cents., 93.

The dealings in all railway shares have been on a very moderate scale, and prices almost generally have ruled in favour of buyers. Caledonians have realised 53½; Eastern Counties, 63; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 49½; Great Northern, 84½; ditto B. stock, 119; Great Western, 49½; Lanercost and Carlisle, 72; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 74½; London and Blackwall, 61; London and Brighton, 93½; London and North Western, 92½; London and South Western, 85; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 21½; Midland, 62½; North British, 26; North-Eastern—Berwick, 67½; ditto, York, 45; North Staffordshire, 91; South-Eastern, 56½; Midland, Bradford, 90; Wear Valley, 30; East Indian, 20½; Great Western of Canada, 21½; Lyons and Geneva, 15½; Namur and Liege, 6; Royal Danish, 19½.

Mines have ruled heavy, as follows:—Brazilian Imperial, 2½; St. John del Rey, 30; South Australian, 1½; United Mexican, 4½.

There has been some disposition shown to sell Joint Stock Bank Shares, yet no material change has taken place in the quotations. Australasia have marked 92½; London, 54½; City, 58; and Union of London, 30½.

All miscellaneous securities have been very dull and drooping. Canada Company's Bonds have sold at 131; do. Government 6 per cents., 167; Crystal Palace, 2; General Screw Steam Shipping Company, 164.

## METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

**CORN EXCHANGE.**—Very moderate supplies of English wheat have been received up to our market this week. The demand, however, for all kinds, has ruled heavy, and prices have shown a tendency to give way. In foreign wheat—the show of which has been trifling—so little has been doing that the quotations have ruled almost nominal, but floating cargoes have been held at 3s. per quarter more money. Fine barley has been very scarce, and 1s. to 2s. per quarter dearer. Inferior samples have realised extreme rates. Malt has sold to a fair extent, at full prices. Although the supplies of oats have been tolerably good, the oat trade has been firm, at full prices. Beans have realised 1s. per quarter more money. In the value of peas and flour, no change has taken place.

**ENGLISH CURRENCY.**—Essex and Kent White Wheat, 70s. to 95s.; ditto, Red, 64s. to 91s.; Malting Barley, 42s. to 48s. Distilling ditto, 41s. to 44s.; Grinding ditto, 38s. to 42s.; Malt, 66s. to 84s.; Rye, 50s. to 52s.; Feed Oats, 27s. to 29s.; Potato ditto, 28s. to 33s.; Tuck Beans, 42s. to 47s.; Pigeon, 47s. to 55s.; White Peas, 50s. to 55s.; Maple, 42s. to 48s.; Gray, 42s. to 45s. per quarter; Town-made Flour, 75s. to 77s.; Town Households, 65s. to 67s.; Country, 64s. to 65s.; Norfolk and Suffolk, 61s. to 62s. per 280lbs.

**CATTLE.**—Very moderate supplies of beasts have been on offer this week, and the demand for all breeds has ruled steady, at an advance of 2d. per 8lbs. Sheep have moved off steadily, at very full prices. The veal trade has ruled active, at 2d. to 4d. per 8lbs. more money. In the value of pigs, no change has taken place. Pork, from 3s. 6d. to 5s.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 5s.; veal, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 4d.; pork, 3s. 10d. to 5s. per 8lbs., to sink the offer.

**NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.**—About an average business has been transacted in these markets, as follows:—L.C., from 3s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.; mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.; veal, 3s. 8d. to 5s.; pork, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 2d. per 8lbs. by the carcase.

**TEA.**—There is less excitement in our market, and the late advance in the quotations is with difficulty supported. Congou, 9½d. to 2s. 7d.; Ning Yung and Oolong, 10d. to 1s. 9d.; Souchong, 9d. to 2s. 8d.; Flowery Pekoe, 1s. 5d. to 3s. 6d.; Caper, 1s. to 1s. 3d.; Scented Caper, 1s. to 1s. 8d.; Orange Pekoe, 1s. 1d. to 1s. 4d.; Scented Orange Pekoe, 1s. 9d. to 2s. 9d.; Twankay, 8d. to 1s. 2d.; Hyson Skin, 7d. to 1s.; Hyson, 1s. 5d. to 3s. 9d.; Young Hyson, 9d. to 1s.; Imperial, 1s. to 2s. 9d.; Gunpowder, 1s. to 3s. 6d.; Assam, 1s. to 4s. 4d. per lb.

**SUGAR.**—Prices of all raw sugars have been very irregular since our last report. The business done has been rather under former terms. The stock on hand is about 56,000 tons less than at the corresponding period in 1854. Refined goods are slow on sale.

**MOLASSES.**—We have very little demand for this article, at from 2s. 6d. to 30s. per cwt.

**COFFEE.**—Our market is steady; but the business doing is comparatively small. Several parcels of Rio plant have sold at from 41s. 6d. to 10s. per cwt. The stock of West India is 379 casks; of Mocha, 4,600 hols; and of Ceylon, 41,300 bags, against 47,000 ditto, last year.

**COCOA.**—This article is again dearer, with a firm market. Gray Trinidad has sold at 55s. to 59s.; red, 59s. to 65s.; Grenada, 54s. to 58s.; Guayaquil, 50s. to 52s.; and Bahia, 47s. 6d. to 49s. per cwt.

**RICE.**—About 8,000 tons have found buyers, this week, at high rates. The finest white Bengal has realised 18s. 6d. per cwt. Several cargoes, afloat, have been disposed of.

**PROVISIONS.**—There is a good demand for most kinds of butter, and prices have advanced 2s. per cwt. Carlow, landed, 106s. to 112s.; Cork, 112s.; Linrick, 98s. to 104s.; best Dutch, 104s. to 112s.; Dorset, 116s. to 118s. per cwt. Bacon is in request, and 1s. to 2s. per cwt. dearer. Hams and lard are brisk, and quite as dear as last week.

**WOOL.**—The public sales have been brought to a close, and prices show a decline of from 1d. to 2d. per lb. compared with the former series. Privately, the demand is heavy.

**COTTON.**—All kinds have a slow sale, but we have no change to notice in the quotations.

**HEMP AND FLAX.**—The sale for hemp is steady, and prices are well supported. Flax moves off freely, at full quotations. Jute and Coir goods continue firm.

**METALS.**—Scotch pig-iron has realised 76s. 6d., with a moderate demand. In the value of manufactured parcels, very little change has taken place. Rails, at the works, 4s. 5s. to 4s. 10s. Sheets, single, in London, 41s. to 41s. 10s. Hoops, first quality, 41s. 10s. to 41s. 15s. per ton. Tin is firm. Banca, 124s. to 124s. 6d.; Straits, 122s. to 123s. There is more doing in tin plates. 1 C. coke, 28s. to 28s. 6d.; 1 X. ditto, 34s. 6d. to 35s.; 1 C. charcoal, 33s. 6d. to 34s.; and 1 X. ditto, 39s. to 40s. per ton. Lead moves off freely—British pig, 22s. 10s. to 22s. 6d.; Spanish, 22s. 10s. to 22s. 6d. Shot is quoted at 22s. 10s.; and white, 12s. to 13s. per ton. Sphalerite is dull, at 23s. 10s. to 23s. 15s. per ton on the spot. Zinc, 23s. 10s. to 23s. 15s. per ton.

**SPICES.**—There has been a good demand for rum, the prices of which are well supported. Proof newwars, 3s. 1d. to 3s. 2d. per gallon. The branding market is heavy, and, in some instances, prices are rather in favour of buyers. Malt spirit, 11s.; Geneva, 5s. to 4s. per gallon.

**INDIGO.**—Our market still rules firm, and late rates are well supported.

**HOPS.**—The old duty has been declared at £308,635. This large amount has been productive of considerable heaviness in the demand, and prices are barely supported. Mid and East Kent Pockets, 80s. to 120s.; Weald of Kent, 70s. to 95s.; Sussex, 65s. to 90s. per cwt.

**POTATOES.**—Supplies are good, and the trade is steady at from 80s. to 115s. per ton.

**COALS.**—Turfed coal, 17s. 9d.; Gosforth, 16s. 9d.; Heaton, 19s. 6d.; Belmont, 20s. 9d.; Bill, 20s. 3d.; Haswell, 22s. 3d.; Hutton, 22s. 3d.; Stewart's, 22s. 3d.; Hugh Hall, 20s. 6d.; Kellie, 21s. 6d. per ton.

**OILS.**—Lined oil has sold steadily at 44s. 6d. per cwt. on the spot, and 46s. for delivery. Fine sperm is worth 127s. 10s. per ton. Turpentine is quoted at 37s. 6d. to 40s. for spirits, and 11s. 6d. to 12s. for rough.

**TALLOW.**—There is less activity in the demand, yet prices rule very high. P.Y.C. on the spot has sold at 72s. to 72s. 5d. per cwt. Town tallow is scarce, and worth 72s. net cash. Rough fat, 4s. per 8lbs. The stock is now 17,507 casks, against 29,012 casks in 1854, and 33,605 in 1853. Our St. Petersburg letter states that the quantity of tallow forwarded this season is 53,248 casks, against 71,801 in 1854, an 99,672 in 1853.

## LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

**BANKRUPTS.**—CHARLES COOMBS, Waltham, Kent, grocer—JOHN GROGAN, Stockbridge Terrace, Fimlico, musical instrument dealer—THOMAS GORTON, Lincoln's Inn Fields, merchant—WILLIAM TAYLOR, Clifford Road, St. John's Wood, builder—JOHN CHAMBERS, Stamford Baron, Northamptonshire, coal merchant—JOHN BAKE, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury, and Caledonian Road, Islington, contractor—JOHN GLKIN, Cambridge Terrace, Islington, builder—THOMAS WALKER, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, licensed victualler—EDMUND JOHN LUDLOW WHITMORE, Rambury, Wiltshire, apothecary—BENJAMIN VICKERS, Newton Bushell, Devonshire, wine and spirit merchant—BENJAMIN FRENCH, St. Mary's Terrace, Walworth Road, stationer—WILLIAM HALL, Durham, grocer—WILLIAM USHER, Sunderland, Durham, rope manufacturer.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.**—ROBERT LOCKHART, Baronsland, Lanarkshire, wood merchant—MARION WILSON, Glasgow, shoe furnisher—PETER HUNTER, jun., Millport, joiner—WILLIAM LARKY, Linwood, Renfrewshire, carter.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

**BANKRUPTS.**—THOMAS CHOPPING, Larkhall Brewery, Larkhall Lane, Clapham, brewer—HENRY OSBORN, the Lion and Key public house, Lower Thames Street, City, wine merchant and licensed victualler—GEORGE FRASI, Penbrooke Wharf, Caledonian Road, and 55, Golden Lane, Barbican, Middlesex, ironfounder—HENRY WINDER, 29, Oxford Street, Middlesex, shawl dealer—WILLIAM TAYLOR, Clifton Road, (not Clifford Road, as before stated), Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, builder—JOHN HENRY WELCHMAN, J. Grove Terrace, Bishop's Road, Paddington, wine merchant—STEPHEN DUMER-SIMPSON, East Cotes Park, Isle of Wight, licensed victualler—RICHARD CLARKE, Adelaide Street, Strand, Middlesex, lamp dealer—WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN, Walsall, Stafford, builder and sewer contractor—JAMES DAVIES, Cradley Heath, Stafford, plumber, glazier, and licensed victualler—LEVI BACCH, Walbrook, Sedgley, Stafford, grocer and publican—JOHN ALLEN and JOSEPH MOORE, Birmingham, medalists, the stinkers, and manufacturers—HOPKIN EUSTANCE, Neath, Glamorgan, wine and spirit merchant—WILLIAM HENRY SAUNDERS, Cardiff, Glamorgan, wine merchant—HENRY CATHORNE, Halifax, druggist—JAMES DARRING, Sheffield, grocer—JOHN MILLS, Spring Foundry, New Bank, near Halifax, iron founder and machinemaker—JAMES RILEY, Chester, china, glass and earthenware dealer—JOHN BRONSON, Old Haymarket, Liverpool, draper—GEORGE MOSS, Bron Offa, near Wrexham, Denbigh, coal dealer and iron manufacturer—THOMAS CARRUTHERS, Bridge Street, Manchester, oil and colour dealer.

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